I, Who Previously Existed as a Book

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Collected Writings

This book was to be first exhibited in the School of the Art Institute's Fall Undergraduate Exhibition at SAIC Galleries 33 E. Washington St. Chicago, IL.

November 7th to 19th of 2025,

on a shelf or shelf-like surface,

next to two paintings and a print.

Spend time with it, or not. Crane your neck.

This is the pdf version.

For any and all inquiries, including access or purchase of a physical copy, contact rynndziak@gmail.com

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

Pseudo is a fragmented writing project written in an autobiographical style of diary-formatted entries.

Started sometime in 2023, *Pseudo* was born the moment a commonality among my miscellaneous pieces of writing emerged: all twisting, faking, exaggerating in the same manner, all concerned with the same matter. I realized it as a pseudo-diary, of pseudo-entries, and named it accordingly. Although a temporary choice at the moment, the title stuck.

Pseudo was first concerned with the observation of one's immediate environment or state of existence, hence the diary-format. Therefore, its fragmented nature is necessarily due to responding to my real-time existence. This time aspect was one of the few things that could not be controlled, forced, or altered to bend for the sake of writing; just about everything else could.

The volume organization of *Pseudo* occurred when a general theme started to surface across a consistently sized quantity of entries: affected by summer (II), concerned with sensory observation (III), written in past tense (IV), and so on.

At a certain point, *Pseudo* had been realized as a way of writing, as well as a way of existing: pseudo. This occurred in Vol. I: The Start of Pseudo. At another point, *Pseudo's* narration and voice, which had always been separated from mine as author, had become an existence of its own with a now lengthier past and therefore larger amount of substance to its name. I was no longer writing blindly to realize pseudo, I was now able to directly deal with and develop pseudo, almost like handling an object. In other words, pseudo had become a character of something. This occurred, albeit in a slow process that would not solidify until some volumes later, around Vol. II: Summer, hence its starting placement.

This current format of *Pseudo* as you see here in this book is not entirely true to the project. *Pseudo* was first and foremost a physical notebook. I never had an aim for how long this project would go on for nor what format it would result in. The volumes were sometimes planned to be printed as separate zines, sometimes planned to be dispersed as individual pieces of paper, sometimes carried by the wind, sometimes trashed.

The Early Writings of *Pseudo* are lost entries in the sense that they never made their way into any real formatting. They remain extremely malleable. By this point, they are far removed from the current existence of pseudo, which had solidified sometime between Vol. IV and Vol. VI. My choice to include The Early Writings is because they are still inextricably important to the development of *Pseudo* with, albeit extremely elementary, relevant moments of content and theme. The issue with The Early Writings is that they act pseudo in a slightly different manner, they conceal and fake in different ways and to different levels. Therefore, I had to do some more covering-up as you will see. Some entries were edited significantly, some were just redacted or concealed by images.

In my last act of desperation, my final statement and plea is for *Pseudo* to not be taken as an autobiography. Its connection to "myself", beyond author now, is in its timing. Anything else is only to the same extent that any creation of "mine" will ever be.

Pseudo, at least in this book, ends after Vol. VI. There is no indication as to if *Pseudo* will continue or end. The way of pseudo will, indefinitely. Vol

VI. was written at the same time of non-pseudo writings and creations; its existence had been weakening.

The final *Pseudo* entry to date was not included. After an attempt to edit its grammar into something readable, it reads as follows:

> OCTOBER 11 2025
>
> —And in my madness I realize a truth that mashes all mining activity outside of myself, that comes to myself to quiet down and cease their buzzing. An affirmation halts the twitching drooling behavior of a lost and manic idiot. For once I take a step and shed a bit of my head fortress, not in crumbling but in pasting the now lost point into the pair of the air: a statement is true and so its words can now disperse and disappear. The issue lies in what's left over. The issue lies in myself who stands here and feels their head grow a tiny bit lighter, and feels slight and subtle papercuts occur across my shoulders and arms for each word I pass down.

There was nothing sensical to work with anymore.

PREFACE

PSEUDOANALYSIS is the analysis of ordinary spaces in pointless observation: HOW TO SURVIVE AS PSEUDO.

PSEUDO IS:

> HIGHLY OBSERVANT, DESPERATE, AN OUTSIDER WITH A NEED FOR FACTS; DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SELF IN THE FACE OF OBJECTIVE REALITY; INABILITY TO JOIN REALITY (DELUSION), FAKED DELUSION, ATTEMPTED DELUSION; AN ATTEMPT TO KNOW OBJECTIVE REALITY (REAL, FUTILE), AN ATTEMPT TO RECORD; DEPERSONALIZED, SPLIT-SELF, ALL-MIND, NO-EXTENSION.

INTRODUCTION

A collection of entries.

Originally hand-scribed, with some digital outliers.

All dates are accurate.

All are written by me, as me.

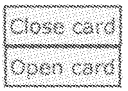
This is not to be taken as a diary or as a journal, nor as a book or story. No entry is to be taken seriously as its own being, as an essay or a story, nor is it to be taken significant outside of its own singular existence. There exists connections with other entries, there exists similar entries. What doesn't exist is a pre-planned direction for the entries insofar as there isn't a pre-planned direction for my life.

Each entry, or the collective totality of them, is autobiographical, but shouldn't be taken as an autobiography. Not because it isn't truthful insofar as truth exists, but because it exists purely insofar as purity exists, that is, in its own realm, state of mind, delusion, or other manner of being written. Each entry is contingent on the spatio-temporal period that it was produced in. It

doesn't *give* account for anything, it doesn't retell or explain anything. It is. For what it is, it is. For what it's worth, it is.

As far as style and methodology is concerned, the excerpts take on an investigatory role. The overall concept and theme being explored is myself. Yet this isn't to be taken as a sort of thesis existent only for this work. It is a thesis insofar as it is a thesis for, of, or during my life. To the extent that this theme rings true in any aspect of my life is not to be the debate of, in, or during this work. All of this is said to avoid any significance being created in the possible poetic language and personal tones that appear throughout it, not because they don't exist, but because I do not mean for that language or tone in and of itself to be of great meaning. My choice of words can be explained by what I had known up until that moment, and this is where I admit my fault of holding such poor vocabulary. It is also possible that this is the result of my influences seeping in. In that sentence, actually, lies a great example.:"It is also possible" was not written as truth—No, it is "possible" because it *is* so, it *is* the result of influences. Not just accidentally, but deliberately. The purpose of "it is also possible" was to signify a sort of aloofness, a carelessness, and an indifference. Not because I'm not aware—No, I am all too aware, forever and always– but because I more so do not care and do not wish to be associated with anything more significant than what I allowed for. It is a precaution, as all prefaces seem to be.

1. There are certain patterns underlying everything that happens that need to be discovered. To do this, you need to delve as deeply as possible into the essence of phenomena and processes.
2. It is sometimes difficult for me to understand the motives of people's actions, their attitude towards me, so I try to behave with sufficient restraint so as not to find myself in an awkward position.
3. I am always outraged by any forceful pressure. Every person can be logically proven the necessity of this or that action. If there is no logic in it, then it should not be done.



II

SUMMER

JUNE 17 2024

The summer heat starts to swelter and I smell nothing other than my own scent, turning darker in such temperatures, melting. There is a styrofoam cup in the dried out wetlands, a beehive formed in the platform shelter, and the sign for the bus stop is broken, now just a pole. I close my eyes but I do not feel; the breeze comes and it is as hot as the air, and I step closer to the platform yellow line. There is no summer bliss. I detest it. The narrow pond I pass, sitting backwards, sparkles; as I get closer, I realize there are coins in it. Something is always looming over me, grating, and it only grows in such heat. It distorts and stops thinking, I lose its own consciousness, and suddenly I squirm and glare down anyone who talks nearby, anyone who is nearby.

I go out and time myself not around but with the rain. I walk my normal route after it snows where no one has shoveled yet and the paths are covered evenly in white, not a single footstep in sight, no evidence of anyone else existing. And sometimes I think my own world disappears right after mine; my own footsteps disappear. I open my windows when it rains, I pray for storms, my umbrella rests hooked on my wrist.

I want to integrate among others; I want to lose myself and forget, I want to stop thinking. Yet, I'm frightened by the dark, I was taught to play nice, and I can't wake up well enough for dawn. I don't know how to begin towards anything, I've failed the lower ranks, and it feels as if there is no place for me, human against non(-human).

* * *

The sun beams through the green window, not accentuating itself but instead transforming, melting into a warm glow; its weight closes my eyelids. I mulled and mulled, my insides churned, enough to where the heat peeled off my skin, flaking into pieces of rust. My head and jaw ache but I cannot move. I sit there under the sun, rusting. I'm carried off somewhere; cargo.

UNDATED JUNE 2024

A spectacle in a box as a dozen others stop by, and a hundred others pass on; a writer in a coffee shop, an artist in a field... a commuter in a suburban bus shelter.

There is significance in this, of various aspects, and so much is gained in the moment as well as in hindsight. Yet, reflection forces itself upon me now as I look up and out to the empty field ahead. Two billboards, one blank. A large street that runs on and on, eventually becoming two notable lanes elsewhere; it manages to maintain its 'wide' and 'busy' titles respective to each place; two separate locations, two separate standards, one consistent translation. I ask, it forces me to ask: Does it make sense to do this, and if it requires other, better ways to exist as comparison, in order to make significance, then who is it that is watching? There is no one other than my own. What is the correct choice between doing what you want, that feels good, and doing what is most typical, yet objectively confirmed as good?

JUNE 20 2024

As if I am aboard a ship to my death and I have no idea when the next station will be not an ordinary one, but the end.

This sudden onset of anxiety which I had thought to have elicited myself has now begun in its own automatic form. How I wish to always feel, and when I do, it is something like this, a conviction taking a hold of my entire being. I am quite tormented and have frequently thought for it to "knock it off" and that "it's been enough," to which one might think, "Of course that will not do anything," it is its own being, but to me, the fact of such a thought shows just how frequently I delude myself into feeling; entirely unnaturally, and how automatic and conscious this bout is. Yes, it is more so like an affliction or illness rather than being in feeling. I suppose I am more

neurotic and sensitive (by a particular definition, and not one most think of) than I thought. If only I expressed my seemingly neurotic rants to others, beyond my one, all too similar friend, then would I be seen as so sensitive and mad? —that is, because 'others' would take me seriously. A definitive view and statement of my insanity. Yet, in reality, that would not be the truth, and I do not care in regards to what I say in such rants, hence my flippant tone in regards to being taken seriously. However, this doesn't disregard my insanity as the fact of such a thing lies exactly in how I express what I do not care for, aching and mulling around to reach a point I cannot concretely say, about a thing I cannot concretely know. Of course the issue now is to make that operation known, but my next statements are instead on why such lying is actually truthful, only in my case, as well as a question on why one needs to make truths known. However, I do not wish to write them. I'll end by saying that I constantly feel as if I need to confess something, and that this bout comes from a desire to change course (or, I fear, is the start of the change in course).

* * *

The difference between my state of affairs in the prior entry to now is quite extraordinary, although it isn't as if what was said no longer rings true, particularly in my thoughts about something changing. Perhaps, when I put my mind to it, my nerves fires up again. There is something to it, now and when it transpires, and it is the same as always. I had called it an anxiety, yet it really is unidentifiable.

The sun in the south beams through, clearly, and brings out the texture of my paper. A schedule and a routine, an 'in' and an 'out,' yet always facing south unless a special occasion. Some things don't change, although everything is always moving. As a child, I used to mull over the fact that as hard as we try to stop moving, bodily functions never stop, and down to the particles and atoms of life, we stay buzzing. I wouldn't say it frightened me, but it troubled me greatly, questions of that nature.

I still feel mad, or am, that is. Raver, a madman, but my tone shifts less and I'm prone to falling quiet once again; a shift into normalcy, a default. Is it no longer preformative? What is 'real' in the standards and context of myself?

For a moment it was as if I was about to die purely from my neurosis, and like a hurt animal I crawled back to desperate numbers and tracking. Perhaps if such notes are found one day, my madness can finally be showcased and understood. There is no excuse of "artistic expression," no fantasies; just self-soothers, like a prisoner tallying the days in a desperate attempt to hold it—everything—all together.

Trains pass, blowing. One holding 3 days worth of traveling tourists, one holding cargo, and one holding its own cargo, self-sufficiently making sure more of its service can continue to hold 3 days worth of traveling tourists in the first place. The quantity increases. Today is a busy day. Birds flock and circle the yards; I often think the locomotives are as alive as animals are. Clouds, sun, and every track packed with moving vehicles; I can breathe again, this is my 'nature.'

I never bring my writing notebook when I actually need it. I suppose there is a difference between my logical decisions and my spirit, my fuel (of motivation?) — What horror!

UNDATED JUNE 2024

...Perhaps a reworking of the brain...

This sense of 'obviousness' that keeps appearing regarding some particular postmodern ideas frightens me. Obviousness cuts down logical processes. Ones I full-heartedly believe aside, what frightens me is when my reasoning becomes "Well, yes, because [things] *are this way,*" as if obvious once the audience puts their mind to it, though particularly more so as if they will curse me if I do not believe in such a thing. Who is they?

To logic? To somewhere...

However (not that this directly relates to what I had just said), my origi-

nal ideas struggle to be expressed and instead fall flat; fall ordinarily; fall, even, incorrectly. I wonder and fear that I am simply too stupid for this—What is this? This word I avoid, this dream...

A crawl back to the creatives, I hate it a lot. There are too many ideas in such a thing to get into, though.

A need for new material.

UNDATED JUNE 2024

I am only able to conceive of the past 100 years. Is it that I can only conceive of the past 100 years of any moment, or is it that I can only conceive of anything starting from the 1920's and extending (will extend) beyond? A coincidental 100 years. I believe it is closer to the latter, for I have never been able to do such a thing prior to the 2020's. But is it really that the margins would expand beyond the 2020's as time continues, into the 2030's, 2040's... and so on? I am led to think not. Any further time seems so impossible to exist, impossible to conceive. In the very least, if such a time does occur in my life, I cannot see how it would stay in the same timeline realm. In the 2020's, the world opened to me and my life thus started, albeit not living, not yet, and may never.

A reconnection with a century ago, a past that is not '*the* past,' perhaps because it is still alive now, to me, or perhaps because all time, to me, flattens and becomes one.

A wish for certain fabrics, and a longing for a new cap.

JUNE 27 2024

Laughter, annoyance, and the urge to stop; mulling with refusal to raise my tone, in attempt to stop everything, by ironic way of the inability to do anything but cease.

A descent into normalcy brings about an allergic reaction to it. If—in order to survive—I kill by way of dehumanizing another, by freezing, into stone, and stripping everything, into object, then I'm afraid you have become real.

I wish to kill by way of intensity, and when I lose interest, when they become real, then I'll mull. Instead, only the latter happens. Instead of an intensity, I live underneath others, and when they look at me, I sheepishly turn into them, just to reflect an agreement; and when they look away, I childishly turn into them, to reflect their own disagreement; a mirror.

UNDATED JUNE 2024

I simultaneously think of myself as a genius as well as a complete idiot. However, not in a way that contradicts itself—this is not a mere contradiction that is so commonly said as a joke (which rarely ever *truly* contradicts!), nor is it a common occurrence of a certain style of smartness alongside a certain style of stupidity (the genius chemist who cannot drive). No, these matters are on and regard the exact same quality they are attributing themselves to, they just exist in different locations.

The next question would be whether or not genius comes with, or even *is*, the quality and genuine belief that you are always more correct than others, more often or to a better degree and manner.

UNDATED JUNE 2024

It is pointless to ask others "how do I get into this thing (field)?" when you have not a single idea on it (a natural, genuine inclination). If you haven't found the answer externally of yourself, in the world, then you won't find it among other people. They are also the external world, either, or both, by way of being constructed by external things to such an extent, or by way of *being*, entirely, *those external things*. The answer will not be found there, it just cannot. Perhaps in a deluded manner it can, that is, by their answers (replies) seeming to be *the* answer, or by real (immediate) results seeming to happen; but what is truly wanted will not happen, it will remain unanswered; stardom can occur, yet significance will fail, meanings will misconstrue in different directions, and a fall into obscurity will conclude it all. Essentially, all one can truly and only rely on (not as a person, but as a *source*, in location) is oneself.

JULY 7 2024

If I say a statement like "everyone just wants to relate [to something]" (to find something they match with, they relate with, etc.), then does it not go against what I stand for (what I stand against)? Not only can such a statement prove certain only to myself, and thus I am merely projecting, selfishly (in immersion, aside from the unbeatable solipsism argument for now), which is why I stand against such ever so typical statements of the ultimate, universal human experience ("everyone loves, everyone feels"), but that statement itself is directly caused by the initial reason why I immediately *react* against such ultimates. They say "everyone loves" because they love, and due to the desire for relating, they assign such a thing a universal, ultimate quality. I do not relate, because I cannot do (I am not) precisely what the statement claims, and I therefore cause a contradiction (because the statement is assigned to mean 'human' in quality, and if true, then I am not a human, which is far more dif-

ficult to prove than if all humans really do—more importantly—love); this causes an immediate reaction because my own being is threatened. My only explanation for that statement being made in such a way is if it is done so for the sake of relatability. Thus, I make the ultimate claim myself, despite the ultimate quality of the statement being exactly what I was against; and the statement I'm making now cannot escape from its initial, immediate cause of birth (despite the eventual existence as an argument to 'prove wrong' the other), that is, a personal reaction due to my own personal experience.

JULY 10 2024

A darkness looms and I am unable to understand the sensation of eating, of breathing... Nothing fills, nothing settles. It is not emptiness, for emptiness exists without the weight I feel above me, pressing, engulfing, soon, pressing more.

I gaze at myself often now as I have never seen a more unfamiliar figure. I am trying to figure it out. I thought many things regarding one idea; It wasn't until expression when I understood the answer. I fell under something 'genuine'—it was genuine, for once. I only suffered afterwards in the fact of 'expression,' in its workings, in it proving me wrong.

I like to think that if I lived like this everyday, yet entirely on my own, I would finally be content. I don't comprehend others actively now, forcibly. I choose not to. I do not hear anyone anymore, I cover my ears from even myself now. And sometimes, I like to wrap my arms around my head, so that the opposite hand touches the opposite ear, and such feelings of unfamiliarity can be the closest to human touch; and I should feel some way in regards to this, but I don't, nothing that could be put into words nor matter to say.

When one stays up all night, there comes a time in the following day where all seems normal, yet one's sense of time is entirely off. It creates feelings of uncanny, not just in perception but in the entire existence of being,

it permeates everything, everywhere. This morning I had thought I would die. All week I have looked sickly. I fear I am no longer myself, I am stuck somewhere. My skin appears more yellow by the day, the lights do too, yet I remain aware of what such a thing means—I hold onto consciousness, I hold onto memories after all. As a child, I used to fear the yellow glow that came in through the windows, that which appeared after a storm. I couldn't comprehend why the outdoors was a shade, and a shade such as that. I became entirely convinced that I was the only one who could perceive it. I believe, to this day, I have never heard someone else mention such a thing. Yet, I'm sure it's real. I'm sure it's ordinary, 'a thing.'

Where does such certainty come from? This form of it, of certainty, worries and nearly saddens me. How does one know what they are seeing, what is yellow, and what is becoming yellow?

AUGUST 20 2024

—and when I finally do connect to the world, I feel its certainty only in the form of such extreme loneliness. For I am not the world any more, but instead am merely—not even *in* it, but—resting upon it.

The sadness of the pavement, of the wind with nowhere to brush up against, of what we have done with the world, here. I fear we have used up so much space and have done nothing with it. My evidence as I look, my evidence as the pavement brushes upwards against the bottom of my shoes, and the cold wind smacks me as if it is wailing in pain; it asks what my kind has done with the world for and in this particular place. To look out and realize distance, this is what I have been doing as of recently. No longer removed sense-wise and experience-wise from these places, to walk along all pavement is to traverse a man-made land made not for you.

SEPTEMBER 1 2024

Lost sensation of everything,
lost sensation of time,
lost sensation of touch,
the lost sensation of feel.

AUGUST 23 2022

Yesterday I was going to write that the day prior I had gone to the beach.

The way the water swallows you up, the cold, the lack of burning when the fresh water goes into your eyes.

My breath caught every time it came towards me. Like a sudden shock, but instead it surrounding you and consuming you, in a surprisingly loving way (embrace). As soon as the water reached past my chest, I could only think that this is where I'd die. Not in that spot, but in the lake itself. That sort of effect.

SEPTEMBER 21 2023

I worry that my moments of being so inhuman show, and therefore cause issues in how I come across to others. For instance,

FROM THE EARLY WRITINGS

NOVEMBER 12 2023

—No, I confess,

—No! I am certain that I have confined myself to inevitable unsuccessfulness.

Perhaps such confusing writing is still a way to express my confusion at the current state in which I am in. It doesn't matter what I write on the surface, at least some of the time. I don't know what to do. I'm so desperate. I want to throw myself on the floor, throw myself at the legs of people so full of life, even if it's the type of people I typically hate. Maybe I need that. I need conflict, I need a moment to show off my written confidence,

because this confidence, when coupled with my nothing life, only results in a few options which are all pretty ugly: delusion or patheticness.

We were always laughing at people with such confidence, and I did not realize my own pathetic nature until I noticed those I clung onto had gone out and made their own lives, even if they claim they don't have such a thing.

OCTOBER 31 2023 SUMMER

[...]

Again, the second I put pen to paper I suddenly go against myself. Not in a genuine manner, but in fear of the reader, as if everything I do is being watched. The only space I am free is in my head. I think I'm what a dreamer is, but that alludes to a sense of grandness of the soul and heart in which I do not have. I am just thought, entirely. Thought, body processes, and a sick and twisted mechanism which lays inside and pretends to appear like the heart. It isn't. It runs when it wants, it holds my body captive in its grip, and I feel it to be my downfall. It makes me become another person, but not without my conscience remaining, watching this all happen. It is like delusion.

I met a feeling today and lost it as fast as it came on. Despite not being "good" and expecting it to lead to worse, as observed in others, I chased it and I tried to grasp it this time. And in a sad and pathetic act, once it left, the machine started churning. Trying to replicate it, or perhaps convincing me, deceiving me, deceiving the "me" that is not currently writing, never thinking, always acting in body like a child.

I got lost for a few minutes, and I find it difficult to return to this. I'd hate for such words to get lost... But lost to where? Is there a greater consciousness, in which case I am one of the top suppliers? And what is it I'm returning to? I've said nothing and distracted myself on other topics. Sure, it also needs to be said but... When?

The point is—and now I am using a less clogged pen, so I feel quite refreshed—that I arrive at the point of "You are not the only one allowed to feel something", which I think has been thought about in this exact context more than once. However, I don't really genuinely think that. Not just because I don't care after all, but because I don't feel in the first place. It is more so that you shouldn't be the only one to be allowed to be affected, but alas here you are. And I am here with nothing. So what am I supposed to use to prove my point? "I can feel too!" and where is such feeling? It doesn't exist and never will. I sit angrily, wanting to be affected. I stand up to say "You are not the only one. How dare you act like this is *your* thing?", but I am defeated only by myself. I am not affected yet, and I won't be. It is futile. Even if all is lifted, if all attention is brought to me, if everyone turns to me to say "I see you. Go ahead", what will come out of it? Nothing will.

It is like a previous thought that had escaped earlier writing... "It is not your , and if anything it is..." ...mine? But it isn't, I realize. I turn around to see the other side as well. I can turn to my other side, and say "this is why I'm unaffected." Allow myself into the worse side. However, I end up just looking at strangers. You are not me, I did not do that, and I don't live with such crimes because I was not there. It is the difference between familiar yet not me, and unfamiliar yet inviting me to become it. I am nothing and nowhere, therefore.

I do not care to write on this anymore. I am my own cause of issue again. It isn't really "other people" as a second cause, but more so the product of me being *among* others.

I cannot even finish a topic before getting lost in another thought.

Because I started this as if I was actually writing a diary entry for once, I will end it that way. I will go eat bread, even though I wanted to skip dinner.

I say "I will" and "I do this", because I want to show everyone I'm self-aware. Even now. And who is "everyone" anyways?

YOU SAID:

No. Have you ever read Molly's soliloquy in Ulysses? Don't talk to me about overlong sentences. Have you actually read Proust? Don't talk to me about overlong sentences.

III

OF SENSATION

OCTOBER 4 2024

A smile I can feel not in my muscles nor in my nerves but somewhere along a fine layer of my skin, some sensation. It is unable to be seen yet I know it is there. That is why it is real, *because it is unable to be seen*. I wonder who can tell, if anyone, that sometimes when I look out I am piercing the world as the one and only; my real sight, as opposed to my mechanically controlled and maintained squinting in the face of lights, squinting in the face of people. Squinting to smile, squinting to wince, to react, and to signal. Scanning nothing, I take in nothing and conclude my day in a state of shock, dazed.

To swing one's arms when walking, like a child, like you're mad—It all depends on who you ask, but what matters is the lack of normalcy in spite of what others could see you *do*, or see you as. *In spite of,* of course, is how things are done. Madness in spite of normalcy, the coalition of 'norm'; Normalcy in spite of one's own truth, the catalyst to madness. One feels the lack of weight in the air when swinging the arms, the limbs feel light too. In contrary, when madness becomes normal, e.g. in celebration, the cult-like chanting of 'the' crowd, if you're a true mad one, to lift one's arms is not just a heavy burden but feels akin to reaching into a rotting hellscape you cannot help but reject; the carcass. "The imposter who does not belong" is what the air particles signal to each other and cry out in fear, mixed with a bit of contempt, as all fear is. The contrary is not a heavy arm nor a heavy air, it is an electrical current in the form of the outsider's disquiet, fueled by the contempt of 'the others' and their collectively held phobias of madness. Someday I'll put my hand up as a sick attempt of expression and get shot for it. The room clears, the spotlight now beams on me, I can feel it. There is no 'secret agent' for I wasn't supposed to have existed in any documented form this entire time.

OCTOBER 17 2024

And now the lack of movement arrives, and I find myself sentimental and in the grasps of normalcy—genuine-ness, albeit comfortable. To have a clear idea of where one resides and a further sense of being *within* that, not observing but *realizing*, from the inside, protected by the nonchalant attitudes of those in their sixth decade. And suddenly all those crazed ideas and urges do not subside but instead become realized as never having existed in the first place; a phase, a fever. In that feverish haze one thinks up all sorts of movements: across the waters, across the world. And these hazy ideas take on the viscous activity of 'daydream,' taking over the spatial realm of one's mental activity; I now exist beyond these waters, and my feverish life begins, or perhaps drags on, pulsating. These hazes are now 'validated,' for the realness that exists in my mind—the source and factory of *true* realness—can never be mistaken as a mere phase, a mere idea to be played with and upon. The eye, the mind's delusional sight, reports on my surroundings in a dreadful manner, and a violent sense lives on where one can only think "Just wait 'till I..." for 'this,' these surroundings, the external world, is 'not right.'

How does one know this current moment is real? You could be dreaming. Yet in this feverish state, he who is in the role and death sentence of a 'dreamer' will soon not only be intensely skeptical of the current moment, but his dreams will become more real than so-called, once-thought, 'reality.' The external world is at understood best through the heat underneath sweaty covers and the sheets that tangle our little fighting dreamer, battling against it. The half-awake state of this time of day is a nightmare, and like a child briefly separated from his mother, losing sight of her in the dark, losing sight of familiarity and all that a child can know—*the world*—nothing becomes settled, all becomes uncomfortable, until one's "real" senses are hushed and the body sinks into yet another sleep. The mind works continuously, but it isn't until the eyes rest when things start to make sense. The hazed mental imagery of dreams, with plots so thick and frenzied, are reality, and reveal itself as the truth in contextual contrast to moments of being awake. An attempt to make sense of one's surroundings in the thick and hot darkness, until the hands of rest and dreams embrace the tired soldier, bringing him back to the only

understandable realm; a battle against reality and a sinking into truth, akin to returning home after a wild and naive journey.

I fear these descents into delusional normalcy, if they are such a thing at all. At what point does one give up the childish battle against those flannel-lined norms? This is where youth ends. But how does one make sense of the battle, when at times this double-agent mission suddenly finds itself transformed into familiarity? There are no guns pointed at oneself, in fact, no one even is holding a weapon. The only weapon, if it may be counted in one sense, is the lack of a glance at all; an anti-weapon. No look, no grin, no raised eyebrow, and not even a motion at the door. Instead, the air around everyone merges into each human-zone, into the minds of all, into a minimal understanding that no one is bothering anyone because we are all of the same, we are all traveling the same direction—there is no shame—and we all have the same wish of peace and quiet. Like hearing children play in the background without turning one's head, there is a lack of sensory-oriented action or displays, and instead there exists a collectively held consciousness. All under the same delusion, or all under the truth, all in reality?

I glance up now and see two men in discussion, one leaning back talking with his hands in a stern and strict pose, and the other leaning forward on his elbows, listening intently. To see two people, to see anyone for that matter, in such a discussion where the brain is actually being used! A shared consciousness is so evident even by one mere look at them. And suddenly, I am humbled in a manner I know I could never understand, at least for now, at least until I am staring at another just as intensely myself. To this I react in an opposite direction than previous topics mentioned thus far, but the sense is the same: a simultaneous sinking-into and recoiling-against the sentimentality of normalcy. Of station announcements, of silence, of the only one sitting sideways, of the only one of my age—everyone starting to adapt and react to the chilling weather, in a correct manner. No rushing out without a coat by the delusion of indoor heating, everyone is in sensible jackets worn over various outfits from suits to workwear: the Milwaukee district. But we (notice, the 'we') differ in that there is a shared sense of relief in not having to cram together like our northern counterparts, two to a seat, hung scarves and coats framing each glowing window. No, we have luxury by way of absence, and so

in most cases one gets to set their bag down next to themselves, enough room for books across various topics to crack open. But there is no contempt in this luxury, for the whole district is all genuine, and perhaps, there is something in the familial cramming-together which we lack and may be missing out on. Instead, we have developed a timid shyness to replace this unnecessary connection. Too shy to hush the quiet-car rule breakers.

* * *

At some point my awkwardly sensed blazer sleeves have been replaced with corduroy overshirts, for which its size is too large and its sleeves are bleached and torn at the ends. The button on my right shirt pocket had fallen off some time ago and I continuously forget to sew it back on, or perhaps, it is a deliberate avoidance in order to display to all my status of loose threads. For if I had newly constructed garments, they would be of the most shoddy material anyway, a lack of genuine construction which I so dislike; one prefers cotton, for it is easy to wash. And regarding this all, I have no thoughts, for my lack of embarrassment over my appearance is not a true absence—No, it is only existent by way of the absence of others: if one is not perceived, how can one be embarrassed in the sight of others?

And so I look back on past musing over my ill-fitting, ill fitting-*in* clothing and laugh; and I look down at my shredded sleeve and laugh at that too.

There is nothing more evil in feeling than borrowing money from one's parents, even if it is for the expenses they had promised to cover. But this writing is not of a monetary topic, I merely felt the urge to state that eeriness. By employing such a method, perhaps one can then cast it off, like a spell, like a death sentence by way of perceiving.

* * *

Meek and standing alone, I fear I stick out like a sign post, and my voice comes out like an uncontrollable disease, developing further and further into someone else entirely; and the cruelest fact is that this alienation is never realized until communication with another is needed, moments of communication that precisely define my own existence to another, my alien existence.

Perhaps because I never exist otherwise, always *non*, always partial or fake so that overtime my lack of voice, a thorn in my side since my first years, left an absence large enough for some alien being to take over the spot and grow on its own accord. It is not watching 'myself' from behind the scenes, in whichever protected crevice one's consciousness takes up, but instead is an instance where I—no matter how real or fake—exist and I am acting as 'myself,' but suddenly an actual 'fake' appears and fights for my own spot of existence. How absurd and cruel this constant battle is, one where I don't get to choose my enemy? Almost laughable, the horror of it all.

OCTOBER 23 2024

I nearly detest the days which are the most real—not 'seem' the most real, but *are* (because they seem, because they are perceived, then they *be*). As if anyone looking at 'my case,' myself as a case—the state of another's perception—will ask in bafflement, "Isn't this what you've been waiting for, or at least, what you needed?" and I will stare back because, stubbornly, I think that it does not answer my question; it does not solve the problem. What is the problem? That I am unreal? But then, something about living a 'real' day does not satisfy that... there is some crevice holding another stubborn desire of mine left untouched, for I seem to hide it as if a dark secret, as if dark evidence or proof; hidden from myself, as if my closet is full of bodies, a body that is mine, my *own body* (what tricky grammar, I am not possessing bodies for I am not a murderer—or if alive—not a kidnapper!).

I open broken automatic train doors as if tearing apart planets by the power of God within my own hands, and then everyone looks at the child playing with their solar system toys and laughs dotingly; I had the 'L' doors close on me and they did not automatically open in reaction, despite the 5000...! Despite those numbers... I pried open that 5000-and-something and told it that I am sorry but I no longer make note of *those* sorts of numbers—but maybe again some day! And then the blue-interior 5000 series shoved me back. What betrayal, the blue-interior of all things!

And so I laugh and write and mull as if I am some charming madman of a movie I'd most certainly be watching (and by these writings, by creation, I am making movies), as if I am not just a signpost; for the realest days are the cruelest, and the most genuine ones are the best, but what does that make of times when it's both? Of real genuineness, or genuine realness: horror, that's what. I'm sure of it. Horror of the external world (real), horror of my maddening solipsist existence (genuine), of how it is seen in the real world by others (real). If all too genuine, I become content and die. If all too real, I become annoyed and lose my sanity—I fail to live, for I fail to cope.

A finger pointed at me and my shock in reaction to it: the first crack in the solipsist dream, for I would have to be such a talented filmmaker if I created that finger-point myself and yet still managed to have a genuinely shocked and caught-off-guard reaction to it; how to be surprised at your own sculpted creations. But it isn't that I create, I'm trapped in a nightmare seeping out of my eyes. And it can only be combated by my own dream-creations, or daydreams, of fantasies thought of before bed, of entire inner worlds that I carefully craft and manage all on my own except with the help of fiction—*its fuel* (the fuel of so many things in fact); and this is exactly why I know I am not creating my nightmare reality, my experience of the external world.

And it is this external world which 'I reject' as...? Meaning, I reject falsely, incorrectly, for I exist as... The sentence finished in various manners, and I truly understand all of these ways, but nonetheless I will hold up my hand and say that I must indulge just a little longer. I point, now *I* point, at whichever person is the one singling me out, for to turn to me and speak directly in a manner that does not consider the rest of the room is like extending the stage; the actor of the theater-show extends their hand, and now I extend into the stage itself, into the show, no longer of the mass known as 'audience.' I can even see the familiar vignette around us during this extension, the frame that typically exists otherwise (when we are lost in thought *as us*, or any mode of living inside one's head... an ordinary thing that everyone does—Oh, the horror of this last clause!). But the difference is that stare, 'a look,' full of conscious perception; the act breaks, as if there is some notion alluded to by the actor, going something like "This play, this act... I know, right?" Like an arrow, like if one could see the projection of the soon-to-be-shot arrow

beaming through the air, pointed at one's own chest—Christ! One now needs to respond, to reply! Not to play along to the theater delusion itself, as an audience member, but to now join the backstage and play along to the production of the delusion—what really exists behind the screen in which the seated audience necessarily views everything through—the act, the play, the act and play *itself*, the *fiction*.

NOVEMBER 21 2024

'First snow' and my windows prove themselves in their lack of frost, sealed shut. Airtight, but not tight enough to suffocate. It's the thin walls which turn this room into its own living, breathing carcass. There is no such thing as 'sound-proof' in paper-made homes; I'm not so sure if the buzzing, screeching noise I can hear is from my own mind, the outside, another room, or if it is the lungs of the carcass itself, wheezing. There is no frost on the windows but there are still gaps somewhere, not in the window of focus, but in the frame and its attachment (or would it be lack of attachment?) to the walls. In summer, bugs crawl out of them. In other times, my own self does. What is the difference between the outside ('outdoors') and inside (interior) of a home? Is this difference felt in the walls, or is it only believed in the minds of the people...

This room is a microcosm for all the reasons that make a 'house' a house (belief and delusion, with prolonged immersion), although many of these reasons fail once processed by myself. A house may as well be outside, the outside. The room is inside, *the* inside, by way of being outside of the inside in which the house is (to everyone else). That is, through difference this is accomplished; difference runs the operation.

Shoveling snow while watching cars pass, aware that I cannot recognize them, and glaring out in order to transmit this awareness towards them; I look out and up at the outside world in which I solely inhabit and I gleam with a 'get a load of *this*' attitude. I am not even certain if these cars have drivers. As if everyone has been replaced, I face the world as the last house that is

'not in the know,' as the naive child who has become all too aware, head up and shovel in hand.

To remain aware and remain real, to genuinely exist, to seek truth, is the study, to devote oneself, to be young, to be a student, to be unemployed, to be awkwardly employed, to exist against the grain, that is to wage a war against delusion, is to refrain from watching television; I cannot see it any other way.

DECEMBER 3 2024

I look up (as always) to see between the gap of human to human, the window; and I see through this sunrise-lit view of middle suburbia a high-rise business tower gleaming in the light. A decent construction admittedly. And as the train continues along, and the many trees and houses pass in an even and flat blur, that high-rise slowly rotates in the far distance: a monument. And at this I realize what my mountains and cathedrals are. If mountains are the cathedrals to the new American West, then the current-day sanitized cathedrals left for me now, here in 'suburbia,' are those gleaming business towers. And strangely, this is all quite a neutral affair; strange, for often any aspect of these places are filled, inherently and to the core, with evil.

I will never not be fascinated by my fellow commuters in the train. I feel sheepish when I turn to the side and pull my coat out of the way for someone to walk past, but after a few more stops I realize now, with the row filled down, each person separated by one empty seat, every other man is sheepishly turning and pulling his coat as well. And it was this that made me look around to my unfamiliar Tuesday train time and see the amount of coats, hats, and newspapers. It was at the same time that a lady passed just now, and a perfume lingered in the air, somehow so exactly fitting to this 8:10 arrival Tuesday train.

I don't even feel like operating on my usual routine. I'm wildly awake but as insane as ever, looking around in disbelief at anything and anyone

around me. I feel as if I'm the one being studied, and all of those seated with their hands in their coat pockets staring ahead are government agents. Or perhaps, my fantasies are too much imbued with today's events of jury duty. Well, one of them is reading the comics now, so it is up to whether or not a secret agent does such a thing. I just can't get the sensation of being small and looked at, looked at due to being small, out of my head. Usually someone will be sitting next to me now, due to being small, but alas, I am alone and writing away like a madman. I look out behind me to the yards, to my favorite stop, all dolled-up for the holidays, and neither the 4420 nor the watertower can save me now; and I give them a look akin to 'yes, I know' with a laugh.

DECEMBER 11 2024

The start of time periods is always filled with a naive, youthful passion: I once close-read Kant for three days straight with no real breaks, and I got Kantian migraines and nightmares. When I flip through the pages of my notebook and see the double-spread of sense words and red ink added all over, something tinges inside of me, and I feel a sort of grieve-filled pity for my past self, despite the fact that I should, and perhaps otherwise would, perhaps in the past I *did*, feel a violent shame over my loss of "passion," passion to be understood as "effort." 'What happened to me, that one lively hard-worker whose love and passion for work was unrivaled thus far?' What happened was that time passed, and I now see and understand what time does to someone. I now read flippantly and wildly, and my opinions develop on their own accord. And when I look back (how strange that an attempt to remember is to 'look') I cannot recall the first weeks and readings of my courses, yet the experiences had during the last sessions—which usually are the ones I find uninteresting—sit behind me and hold my head, a grip by way of an immersive memory. And so each half-year, each semester, I become wilder and more opinionated, and then shy and humble again; somehow, overall, a change happens, a change by way of neutralizing repetition, a change that I do not understand nor can confidently say I believe in, but it's there, gripping my head like a monkey.

If I look to the side, the world is blurred and smeared in the aqua, foggy windows of this aging train car. When I walked in, I was immersed into a home that I know isn't and never was mine. Yet in a sense, in a memory somewhere, I *feel* that it could be; or in another view, I know it's my home, I just cannot recognize it. And where does this deep-rooted yet ambiguous certainty, of the same nature of the monkey, nearly tricking me, come from? And when I do lack it? I know by way of the absence. The uncertainty of returning home, the uncanny-ness of it all, and a question: to flee everyone or to have a computer?

I built a computer on December 28th, 2025.

JANUARY 9 2025

I had brought my phone charger to the cafe for I have a dying phone. I thought about how awkward it may be if someone puts a laptop charger inside of the outlet-hole, as they are usually too bulky to fit, or at least would take up too much space for mine to go in as well. And as soon as I had thought this, someone did just that. Because she was close to my age, I watched her from behind my cup. This outlet-hole is located in the ground and only has a small circular opening. It is quite dirty inside, I can recall the feeling of grabbing bits of dust and dirt when I tried fitting my own charger a prior time. As I watched this person struggle, I thought, 'that won't work, I've done it before,' and I continued to watch in silence; like an elderly person, they stare so hard at others, but I allowed this gaze to continue for I knew I was invisible. The sight of someone digging into the ground became amusing, and I recalled a conversation had by a couple in the elevator, a couple who had no museum membership but belonged to some named reservation: someone was trying to sell their apartment and move into "those" on Main Street, "she said 'unless you have a little one-point-seven to spare.'" It took

me about five steps towards the entrance, five slow steps, tripping over my own legs as I tailed behind the couple, of course, before I realized what that number code meant.

At a certain point this girl gave up and started moving her items back to another table, which had reminded me that, yes, she had just moved all of her things to be in front of me so that she could use the outlet-hole. And now she had to move *again*. And it was at this that I felt to be part of the human race; perhaps awkwardly moving your seat multiple times only for your second and third choices to fail is a collective experience of youth, although, she was a few years older than me, a certain age where one's appearance changes towards a more professional, more corporate look. It was at this moment that suddenly a shadow cast onto me and I looked up to see a taller man moving to that same outlet-hole-seat, immediately taking out a charger of his own, slightly smaller than the girl's. Instead of comic relief, I sensed being threatened. Is it because there's no way my own tiny phone charger will fit now, that I hold no chance? Or was this about something else, something not of comparable sizes of objects and their fit (horrible imagery!) but of some hidden corporate battle, a marketplace of outlet-holes.

To my astonishment, the girl reappeared: "...yours is smaller than mine so it might fit," and the two became amused with each other. I didn't hear what jokes and statements were being made because my attention was caught by the next closest table, an elderly lady who has kept her phone up to her ear, listening to something, but surely not on a call as she never spoke back, and furthermore, I never heard any sound blaring out of it. She now was watching this ordeal with a baffled attitude. She was judging them, or perhaps I was judging harder. At this point I was praying in a cold sweat for this man's charger to be too large, for him to never orient it in the correct manner. Suddenly the two moved strangely, almost like a harmonized twitch, and the girl sprang up from her knees, silently clapping. She cheered with an unserious 'yay,' and the man laughed back, jokingly. And then they exchanged the most sanitized end to the interaction, as if a modern-day, millennial-aged deal was being made. My breath had fully escaped me by now; why, as if I was betrayed? This young person was a con-artist, the old lady an agent... No, what made least of sense was the man. He had greying hair and an older face, perhaps in

his 40's, or maybe a tech-savvy 50's. But his expressions read young, read 30, and he'd bounce his leg in a manner that, for no particular reason, began to annoy me. It wasn't until now that I became aware of the zoom meeting waiting to cue up on his screen. With a webcam that would capture me in the background, I felt as if my life were about to end. But I also had an arrogant rise of confidence; I was correct about this being a threat, of some possible operation taking place, but I put the latter consideration on hold.

After a few minutes and another cup, when my paranoia over elderly agents and cafe psyops subsided, I looked up to see that this man was no longer on zoom (his meeting never started, at least to my knowledge). In fact, his laptop was on its screensaver, and he was scrolling through his messages; a phone held by a wrist with an Apple watch on it. The entire thing was too much for me to handle, I probably lost consciousness for half an hour from this sight. To use up the charger-hole, to charge the laptop, all for a screensaver? And why does he have grey hair? I lost my mind and became stupid; I can write no longer.

JANUARY 9 2025 — ON ANOTHER NOTE

I remembered how in this cafe, exactly a year ago, I had spent nearly my entire winter break reading various psychology books here. I do not remember if philosophy was part of this, likely not. And likewise to the current moment, I was on some path of self-discovery, of finally putting words and structure to my own conceptualization of myself and my life; except at the time, such a path was so viscous and intense. There was some spirit of mine so excited that it kept itself lit, burning for the next month; now, I find myself shivering outside, and my feet go numb and lose all colour. Part of the world is on fire, burning about twenty square miles as of now, and I cannot bring myself to even one thought on the matter.

I think about the end of last summer when the heat finally got to me

and I had begun diligent studies in what would later consume me for the whole semester. The entire world was ignored in pursuit of these ideas, an escapism by way of thought, of 'thought' as a viscous activity, as a study in itself. But now, this rigorous pursuit and spirit has abruptly died and I am left facing what I had ignored. No care for ideas, no care for reality; burnt world, charred self.

And to make matters worse, this heat remains in the winter sun that beams down on me. No snow, there is ice where you can find me, but none here, where I hear children laugh while my hood is pulled over, muffling all sounds, bundled up from my trudging over there to here. This constant separation of 'here' and 'there' nauseates me. My senses are turned off. Sensation is gone. And so my observation is left cold, baffled, and invisible.

JANUARY 17 2024

Over time, I start questioning if what is in front of me is real. I look out the window. Nothing has distance, nothing has depth. I am merely looking at glass, and the image inside of the glass is as real as a digital screen. What is inside of it, what is depicted, that exists truly, somewhere. But it doesn't exist here, it won't exist to me. It won't ever exist. Everything is partial, everything is pseudo.

I put on my glasses. Nothing is glossy, nothing is flattened. I can look ahead of me with the most crisp and detailed view. Suddenly, the shapes in front of me are so real, so three-dimensional, that I feel as if I can lean out and try to touch them. But I won't reach. They aren't flat images, they aren't a shrunken, miniature, duplicated fake version of the real objects. If I lean forward, if I outstretch my arm and body as I desire to do so, all that will

FROM THE EARLY WRITINGS

happen is a fall, my fall. Every building, every light, every detail and sharp corner, is visible to me now. I look past the glass and realize that the world is in front of me now, and therefore it always has been.

But of course, I put my glasses on. Of course the blurriness goes away. Because I put my glasses on. But of course, of course! Of course. Of course it is like this. Of course, because everyone said so. Because everyone reassured me of this. Because this is factual, this is what is known, this is what is normal, the norm. Of course it is, because it is so *of* and *on* "course." And I was given these glasses to realize this, because otherwise I cannot, it seems.

But if it was there in front of me all the time, then why couldn't I have sensed it? I know what is there. I didn't need these glasses for seventeen years. I had always seen the real version of everything, in its real form. Is what I'm seeing now fake? Am I only to

be convinced of its realness? I suddenly don't believe it anymore. Not in its realness, but in my inability to sense it. There is something disrupting the connection between me as a being and me "being", between my existence in the world and the existence of the world to me. It seems that in this mutual relationship, if I have nothing to give, then the world has nothing to give to me.

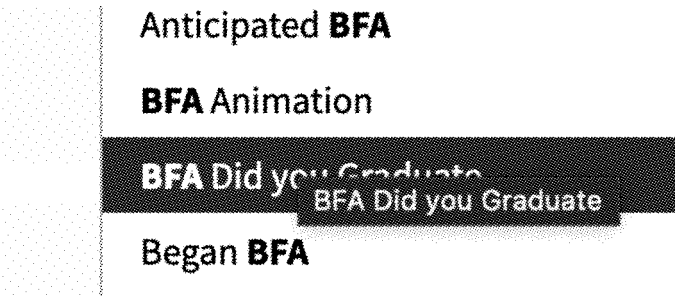
* * *

I want to move to the big city. I want to be in some sort of "big city." I want to move away from my boring and uninviting life, the "home" environment which feels so foreign to me.

But I look around, and I realize that I am already here. Everyone reassures me that there has been no change, and there was no change needed. I think the fault falls on me, but then I think it doesn't. Yes, I am incorrect for brooding and longing, but it wasn't as if I was here the entire time. To others, in their large, vast, exciting, "life" filled life, in comparison, I was practically here the whole time. But past the false essentialities, there was a change after all. There was an intense longing and dreaming for the big city. I was from a nowhere place with no one people, with nowhere or no one for myself—which there never will be anyway, I see now—and the only path was to stay or leave, of course, to leave to the big city, to *our* big city... Of course, the big city was so close the entire time, but that is something I always knew, and it is why I dreamed so heavily of it. It was our city afterall. It was so reachable. But now that I am here, I am at a loss at what to do. Now what? It is as if I skipped too many steps. I thought I was supposed to work my way in, from the outskirts, to the outer edge, to this and that neighborhood, dreaming of one day being in the center of it all. But I am there right now, and I didn't mean to.

Yet at the same time throughout all of this, as I interact with those so full of life, I start to understand the fact that my life didn't change. After all, I have done nothing to get here. My place in the world is so unreal, only propped up by the safetynet of an institution and my status as a student, my childish status

which has never changed. I am here, but not really. Not because I am not here, as in the location. But because I am not here, not in the *placement*. I am not "am", I am just here. My placement is so unsolid, wavering, fake and pseudo. After four years, my time will be up, and what will I do? I am at a loss. I don't understand how I got here, what I have been doing, what I am doing, and what I will do. However, outside of these zoomed-out, general, overall points of view, I have consistently been so assured. What happened to such assurance? All I know is my one placement in life, my one status, and my one world. Of course I'd be so assured in it, of course. But I can't take my confidence outside of such a world because I don't know anything else. And I realized, what real life was for others wasn't real life for me. It was as if throughout all years of being a student, I was aware of how closed off and fake the student world, my world, was. I was always acting in the moment, of course, because that is living, yet I was thinking and perceiving from the outside. I got good at everything in this student world, so of course I was assured. But I was good at it while understanding that it meant nothing. It was all a game to me, all for enjoyment in this safe closed-off world. But when confronted with the rest of the world, with actual reality, I felt at a loss. I had done nothing in it at that age, of course, and I looked around at my normally clueless peers only to find them as confident as ever. To them, these schools, that and this student life, was all real to them. It was all they knew, so it was their real life. And they believed in that. That is the significance here: they believed in it. They lived so truthfully, so in-the-moment, and so real. Now, when being shown the rest of the world, they feel the same. Of course, they tremble a bit here and there from the vast unfamiliarity, but it's just another day to them, just as how each day in the student world was just another. But to me, who was so lost in un-reality while understanding its status as such, who then technically never interacted with any form of "reality", no matter how false or true it was, I feel my entire being collapse.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IV

AFTER THE FACT

JANUARY 17 2025

There is no song for today, no outfit, no attitude, I could barely decide on a camera. Soft, old french music swings throughout the room, but the room is a nearly empty school cafeteria. Returning to the train, a peak-hour train, gave off a strong sense, but then the seat started to console me, enveloping me from behind. I recognized no one, I was a stranger as this was not my usual train hour. I overheard an amusing conversation in Spanish (I do not understand Spanish, but the well-dressed lady laughed nicely and would make motions with her body while she talked, like pretending to run, swinging her arms up and down, which is my language if anything), and I walked faster than anyone else inside Union. I took some photos. I fist bumped the homeless man on the bridge despite my wrist being tangled in my camera strap—no one else walked close to him, so he did not have his hand out until I appeared, as if he somehow recognized me from the usual Wednesdays, where I walk across that bridge an hour earlier with a different group of bridge-walkers who commute with their fists out and ready. I failed miraculously at purchasing a drink at a suitable corner-store price. I put my book down, picked it back up, I'm still reading Sartre, I'm eating an apple I picked this morning for its softness, expecting the mcintosh to be sweet, but instead, it's bitterly overripe.

I know how ridiculous I often look, I see myself in third-person, but this time I do not mind. For some reason, suddenly, I think about when college classes used to go from 9AM to 4PM, and I miss that extra hour where everyone wasted time due to being much too tired to think properly. If I am to imitate whoever or whatever I encounter by turning everything into a constant fantasy, then today I have imitated myself.

* * *

Once again I have spent my time today talking like a madman: having far too many unnecessary things to say, becoming irritated at others for talking too inefficiently, and then finally babbling with an accidental air of importance. I would realize my participating sentences were far less friendly than

others', and in fear of my arrogance, I would laugh at the end of everything I said, despite setting nothing up as humorous so that this laugher surely appeared mad and awkward.

By now, the train once again brings the sunset into my line of vision, or if I sit sideways, as I am doing now, it slowly burns the back of my head. Soon it will only become worse, the sun will rise higher and higher, the days longer and longer, and if I wished to go outside and see the early night sky, I would have to do so at an hour where my irrational fear of the dark becomes understandable. At the same time, it's not like there are murderers in the prairies of the suburbs, no one would be out there waiting for an opportunity to strike because who goes out to such a place at eight o'clock in the summer evening? But I would! This is my conundrum. Or, in a comical flip on the way of things, I sometimes fear my own fear will grow so high that I might strike at the first sight of an individual, and then *I* will become the murderer at eight o'clock in the prairie. At the same time, this train is an hour earlier than I usually take, so I don't expect the sun to have set already. It is the awareness that kills a man, when time passes the shortest day of the year, and I know I can do nothing to stop the rise of the sun, the passage of time. And soon the abundance of heat in this car (it is a warmer day today at 40 degrees) will be replaced with the muggy stickiness of summer, and I will start to melt, my sanity too, and I will become all sorts of messed up, incorrect pseudo.

I'm sick thinking of it already. I had grown tired from my mad, cracked mind of earlier, shifting back into whatever cold, dead, overtly melancholy (pseudo-melancholic) attitude I so normally hold. I had already stripped off my coat but was still feeling very uncomfortable, unable to sit right. Sometimes it hurts so much to even set my foot down on a surface while sitting because my nerves remind themselves of the nausea and awkwardness embedded in 'standing around' and go into shock. The man behind me got off after Mars to go stand in the doorway until his station, and so I moved into his seat, flipped mine back, and have set my feet up, resting only on themselves so as not to dirty the cushion; I can rely on only myself and the air, no surfaces. Now sitting forwards, the sun hits my face, and having a window doesn't do anything for this one is smudged, scratched, and frosted beyond visual comprehension. With my head leaned back, nothing relieves me of my inability

to settle. In a break of shade, I see that CSX and Canada Pacific are working hard today, together, and I couldn't care less. No numbers interest me, the rolling stock rolls by, and as I said before, there were no songs for today, not even an outfit. All the snow is melting and all the construction scaffolding is raining on my head. Everyone around me is slowly becoming unreal again. I'm losing it, aren't I? I am myself today, dead as ever.

JANUARY 30 2025

A while ago I got horrible nightmares and headaches after close-reading Kant for 3 days with essentially no break—I wrote about this before (in hindsight, but whether or not the original entry went published or unpublished, I do not remember). Perhaps it was also caused by a change in everything, a start to a semester, confronting and then plunging into *the new*.

This time 'the new' is a body of water so far down I cannot see it, and so my fear of heights grips me as I grip the bridge railing. I start to lose my mind a bit with not enough hands to grip my head. And then, when just going about, an overwhelming nausea took over, so bad I couldn't help but suddenly laugh, so bad that my previous pseudo claims about being a madman started to look ironic, so bad that I had to question if all I've been doing thus far was foreshadowing. So bad I thought I may have to get serious, no more pseudo, but equally as mad; and I had just come to understand what this pseudo exactly is!

A sudden rush of normal life; taking classes of the same topic of the same departments of even the same teachers, as if time never ceased, as if I had not just sent my real self off to war—so long, me! —and delved into the most wasted (wasteland) period of sitting in the dark for a month (winter break), almost like an attempt to give myself a light allergy. And so of course my real-life self had returned, but such consolidation is rarely ever so simple. I couldn't wipe a stupid smile off my face, I became stupid. Something was

coming on, but I didn't know what. I quietly laughed so intensely at a joke about Deleuzian suicide that my nose starteed bleeding and I had to collect myself outside. I was falling apart, blood and skin, falling apart through the nose. My thoughts and words could not line up correctly; I was baffling, I had caught the madman bug all while surprised and stupid, and with an ache. I took a pill and it had gotten stuck in my throat, I talked and ranted and laughed so hard I could have thrown up my own being. The pill was emitting its anti-stupid, anti-madman radiation from my throat, not my stomach, and so it did not do anything with the ache, but instead went straight to my head and joined the party. The soldier who was sent to locate, eliminate, and blend in with the pain got lost, got stupid, and now there was a stupid soldier partying with the madman, and the ache was still there.

It was far too much to handle, I lost my grip on it all. Kant haunts Deleuze and so do the headaches, it seems; a post-Kantian somewhat there, somewhat not, sometimes partying ache at the same time of the nightmares, a nightmare experienced when awake. There was no raving, nothing of my own actions could correlate to this madness. I could see the party and so I could think, but I could not speak; but if I saw the party in my head, then I was unable to see, to see *reality*.

On the train I waited for this party to end but the sun was soon to be in my face the entire ride. Before departure, someone with a large bag, as if he had backpacked across the country, realized this was the wrong train, and in a rush had dropped several of his items which were so poorly tied together. I was amazed during this because I did not see a thing, my eyes were closed, and I had sat in the furthest seat—which actually takes up two single seats, facing each other—facing away from everyone. That is, I was amazed at my sudden deep inability to care—a corpse is sitting in the back seat, hey, attention! I didn't fully process a single thing in this scene until he ran out of the train by falling down the stairs, flat onto the concrete platform.

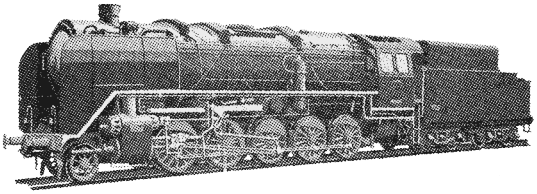
I went to the bathroom, I looked unwell. I looked in the mirror and I looked unwell and my hair was sticking out straight, straighter than usual. The sun did me no good. I took the bus home, which was a busy ride, and the sidewalk back was fully in the shade. This was all yesterday.

FEBRUARY 12 2025

In the bed of the train car (the double seat awkwardly too close to the single infront—this is a unique car layout, see #7437 and its series), in express, over fire (they "set" the switches on fire), in the snow, in the dark, in the light, in the heating—this heating! Frozen but so warm inside, frozen but on fire! How strong these hunks of machinery are to continue on in a snow storm, unbothered. I often want to raise my arms out and hug it, but I am not bigger than a train. Sometimes I want to just touch it, when I walk by on the platform, but I'm even too shy for that, I'm scared it's somehow against some rule, it feels so forbidden, almost rude; like an animal to gaze at and love and cherish, but not to touch like a toy.

I think, or I fear, that I'm simply designed to sit in moving blocks of metal and that's it. I fear because that means I naively have this ideal where I find it impossible to settle down, and I assume somehow it'd be possible to live your life one train to the next (No! Do not say it! Do not even speak of the phrase "digital nomad" or else I'll roll over, foam at the mouth, and start babbling about the current time as if I am an old man too obsessed with generation gaps). But how does one even do that? If you wish to not travel, but just ride trains, and therefore need money to buy tickets, then you need to work; but to have a job you need to stay in that job, that is, to stay in place, or in other words, not ride trains. How miserable of a predicament! So I cannot just walk into a town, declare, "Hello, let me work here for a month, I'll be your best worker (truly, I'd try very hard!), and then.... well... then, I'll be off!" Personally, I get sick of people so quickly, and I am quite annoying myself, so I'm shocked that not staying isn't seen as a good proposition! And now I must confront the imagined responses: yes, sorry, I am young, yes, that's a young-person naivety, yes... Yes, that cannot be an ideal for my life, I'll hang up my hat and put the suit and tie on (which didn't make sense until I remember people do not really wear hats anymore). This hat and jacket I wear that makes me look like I'm in a conductor's uniform: is that to work and ride trains? No, no... I may be blown up over a bridge and drown... I am simply twenty-one years old, and this twenty-one-year-old head in this stupid (quite nice) hat is currently getting jostled around, what a wild ride! I will

soon be thrown out of the window; luckily, there are no bodies of water...



FEBRUARY 13 2025

What happens when I place my pen on paper, what sort of truth-altering transformation occurs? This is why when I wake up, trudge along, and place my dirtied notebook into my bag, mumbling, 'Well, yes... I will probably...' yes, I will write in *Pseudo*, no, I will write *in-pseudo*; I become something else altogether, spreading pseudo, writing pseudo... My hands fly up, I grab my head as if in pain, I am constantly stating I'm a madman, claiming insanity, but I am lying: I am perfectly sane. And so I demonstrate it, I operate the lie as fiction so that it is no longer such a thing (no longer a lie). I write all over the place, I fill in spaces with imagined laughter and squirming—there is no time for after-the-fact descriptions, I jump from one thought to the next, I want to trap whoever is reading. I put in parentheses: "Who is the reader?" in a baffled tone, a joke. It is I, and so I want to trap myself.

But when I put pen to paper... When I put this pen to paper... in here, not there, not anywhere else, no, in *this* notebook on *this* paper: this is why *Pseudo* cannot decide its object of form. It is not the series, nor the transcribed document, because it is first and foremost this notebook. A notebook

cannot be a published existence, however; nor even considered as 'finished,' 'final,' it must be transcribed and then transcribed again by the printer (to succeed is to be transcribed by the reader). When I put pen to paper, when I put pen to Pseudo, something happens. I joke and laugh and amuse myself by purposefully inserting mad tones and silly statements, and while it's for my amusement and I am the one doing it, which makes it seem as if I'm in full control, the reason I grabbed my head is because I cannot stop, I cannot stop the pseudo! It infiltrates, it seeps, leaking. There is a phenomenon I've at least observed where someone, who normally babbles absurdities, suddenly straightens up and tells the truth to strangers. Months of claiming to oneself that, say, getting your arm cut off was fine, it was deserved. Hell, it didn't even hurt! Oh, by the way, my colleague, yes, I did have my arm cut off... it was... quite a difficult time... The madman is now screaming and hollering. Which one is true, which one is controlled, which one is the self? I cannot even say that this scenario, when reversed in direction (normalcy into madman), is my predicament, because it works both ways, and I don't know which side is which sometimes, I cannot trust anything.

I get carried away in fiction. I think it is worse to be sane and do this, for I have no excuse. I know who I am, I can *see* it, but when I pick up this pen and...

MARCH 18 2025

—Feel crazy, cannot think (the same issue).

'Is this the result of being alone with your thoughts for too long?'

'Is normalcy just delusion, too busy in delusion? Too *preoccupied*?'

I think before I speak. I lay whispering to myself trying to outpace the thoughts I thought I didn't have. I still think before speaking, before writing.

I drew myself. I had picked up this notebook but instead drew myself,

over there, in another book. I'm an artist, not a writer. No words now.

'Am I faking it or is this real?' I am tired of asking. Something is going on, but what? Why do I lay here and express something only because I told myself to do so, because I got in (copied) a mood? 'If it's fake, I should be able to just get up and snap back *into* it'—into? Not out of? I sat up alright. And get this, it still went unanswered! Not even a proposition written like that could work, not even that method (method as a test... a test of what?).

'Whatever.' No words, no thoughts, but my heart beats high, and my beady eyes, they...

I don't get what's going on: the most accurate statement in that episode, hoorah! We have gotten one clue picked up off of the carpet, and it answers: I don't know, of course! But also: *to get*, retrieve, almost reach, almost a piercing-through to touch the material world; to get it is to exist inside of "it," and therefore belong. I get my beady eyes, that's all.

This entry was written in a different notebook, not meant for Pseudo.

UNDATED MARCH 2025

"Somewhere, [illegible]

tumbling off, my nose

bleeds on the ground.

If I could help I'd do, but no longer now."

What is that, a poem? It wasn't, I whispered something. It just came out of my mouth, not in my voice, I was thinking of someone else's voice—No, I do not know who—and imitated it. Is that a poem? Bah, get rid of it. Never think about it again, ignore what you had taken in from the past, and forget what you will embark on in the future; what authoritarian language! I should never tell anyone what to do ever again, and if I have never done such thing thus far—a true question, I am very forgetful—then paint over my past with a brush of lies, spin me into a drill sergeant, I'll just tell myself what to do, barking orders and beating my own legs into the ground: I am a stick now, I ran in circles so fast that I drilled right into the dirt, forever.

MARCH 29 2025

—Back in the cafe on a dreadfully busy day. The tables are filthy, people eat without cleaning up, wearing white and beige here, white and beige there... Yes, it is probably my water bottle that set off the metal detectors, it always does... Inside the bag? Of course... *Weapons*?! No, not any of those...

But oh how I wish at times for everything to stop. Waiting and waiting for something, perhaps for no reason, perhaps out of pure boredom, but now this thing talks to me in ways that I hadn't expected, in ways I thought I had forgotten, intruding into my room, warping me. A question that asks more than it seems, it is an order, warping my answers—No, now it's some-

thing more than that—'I don't mean that you should...'—but if I turn my back and believed in such a claim, there is a quarter flip between my head continuing up high, or getting caught in my own tail; you are supposed to run after the girl, no means yes, and when you react to the 'yes' and hear a correction of 'no'—a running away of 'no', a slap in the face of 'no'—you should instead say yes, it is at *this* moment, that is the part when you should nod your head so hard that it falls down between your legs, and your tail, well, when it's already there, in this doubled-over, circular, looping motion of 'playing along', you might as well put your tangled head through it; Tail in the form of a noose. What a game!

I cannot write here. Someone's elbow keeps smacking the table, I'm shifting all over the place. My old baseball shirt doesn't fit in, I must leave. Where? It's warm, there's people. The empty field? Stand at home base and say a prayer. Soon my hunk of metal will spit at me and bring me to my empty dugout of a home (sports metaphors, apologies!).

* * *

There's a whole world out there, an outside world that has run on for so long it has created its own language. "I'm ok!" it tells me, I can read it, but only through green-tinted, scratched, fogged up windows which only further accentuate the sun beaming through. A whole world I cannot reach, but can see. I'm dying in here. Hot air blows on my face and these doors do not open frequently enough to save me. Metal even, concrete hotplates; the energy leaving everyone's bodies was suffocating me, head radiating, voices radiating, faces radiating. I cannot escape it: too hot in winter, the heating blasts far too high, too hot in spring, too many people, too hot in summer, too much summer. There is no salvation. I spend how long reading climate data trying to find my ideal heaven? But no, it's probably all the same. And what's louder? The sounds of other's voices, or the sun?

But later the temperature will drop, causing something to stir in the air. And then everyone will roll around, crying, sobbing, and choking in their own spit, complaining about this predictable storm. And while I get the right to watch and smile for a few days, the temperature will later rise again, and

"everyone" will be happy.

I cannot do it anymore, I cannot take this anymore, and so on and so forth. But I cannot even enjoy the act of living itself; there is nothing to enjoy, in my senses, I am being probed and seared from all over. Someone just yelled from the back of the train. Someone yells, holding his small brick of lies up to his ear, that smiling face, transferring him into the dimension of the other side of a phone call, and those focused eyes, stuck, trapped in reality, his smile straightens out a bit and he slows down his movements as I approach the bathroom, I can visibly see his mental operation begin to slow down, churning (slow churning), like a strange, detached man chewing on his tobacco, watching, judging. I slammed the heavy bathroom door in hope that its sliding movement would create some cut in the air, and the spectators would drop their cheering, realizing they are on the wrong side of the guillotine action. I cannot survive this, my stomach churns now (sick churning), I might as well throw up. It's far too much to handle, I've been punched in the gut by life. It was supposed to be a fist pump, but I'm too short.

* * *

Last summer I was too warm, all winter I was too warm, and even now it's all the same. There's no way out, doesn't anyone see this? There's only one thing that can be done. These thermostats are all fake anyway, only God gets control of the vents.

APRIL 11 2025

The soldier is back and failed his job again, but I suppose it's better than my other plans. The soldier in the form of a bomb in the form of a pill has rotted me from the throat out, it's closing up, the strike has blown a hole in my ceiling, causing that opening to start vacuum-sucking everything in and out, multi-directional, and so it wasn't a party that was made, but something more like a call, a rot, a taking-in and then rotting, becoming rotten. Since this rot was expanding out of my throat, all of its directions towards my body were downwards, but towards my head it pushed up. It pushed up and out, radiating its sickness into my mental faculties. Blurred vignette of a vision, a border of white and greying out, I faced the world with blinders and the activity to taste the sour tanginess of all plastic and metal substances. It's the materials of the bomb: the metal, the radiation, all that acidic radiation.

I have just about a few hours left in me each day until my leg muscles snap and start to fall, despite the fact that I haven't really been doing much of anything. This time, when I must call the soldier on—without him, my entire brain may be wiped out, it's a real predicament here—it's my vocal cords that scream and snap; babbling idiot.

It is like that time my head burst open and my nose bled a record breaking bleed, and is now occurring as an eruption of my throat, sometimes stomach. To calm it all down I adjust my own bullets of neuron-silencing. The world becomes—No, it stays the same really. It's the shifting of my own perception that occurs, a mental process, and I do not feel the pain of this groan which otherwise overrides the sensation of movement; I am putting my hand on it. But when all my grip is up there, the soldier can strike in quite a deadly way. I have had enough about mulling over my own pain, however.

It's a crash never seen before. Five million cop cars and flashing lights. A medical emergency here, a blockade there, a whole mess of the delusional stock market. I don't even grab my own head, I sit, wait, I wait for quite a long time, actually, listening to my own mushy over-chewed thoughts run laps over and over, I sit like that in my oatmeal of a mind until it suddenly dawns on me—and that's the thing, I do not know what! "It" dawns so hard,

enough to make the solipsists burst out in a cop-car siren; it is incomprehensible! It's over! I don't know what, but it's over! Where did my soldier mean to go? Where did the party go? But I fear, dawn is not the arrival of the sun, but our arrival to *it*, it's always been there, horrifyingly waiting, concealed by our lulled sleep and sweet dreams. The sign has been repeating over and over, rotating in the microwave, oatmeal, like the signal crossing of this morning, malfunctioning and thus beeping over and over, dinging, ringing, screaming. But how many rotations of the Earth does it take? How much screaming until the cords tear? How much police tape can hold together those little pillars separating the tracks—and what do those really do, anyway? What is a fence, a blockade? A ceiling? A hole in the ceiling? What are the literal words for these idiotic metaphors of pills and oats?

APRIL 15 2025

I bought a phone today. I make attachments to my personal electronics as a joke, for some reason. I suppose when we put so much thought into how it looks, we end up crafting a living creation, some robot (or do people just view them as "their objects", i.e. 'This is *my* version of that object?'). Really, there was much to talk about in the saga of today's events, but strangely they now seem entirely devoid of meaning and significance (I am interested in the ordinary or mundane yet significant, turning it metaphorical in one sense, so this is a difference in both sides). I am alienated from my own product of creation, of labour. I am alienated from my iphone à la Marx. My robot child was replaced with something I'm expected to love yet cannot develop any particular feelings towards; and the most horrifying part is that my own memories have been replaced and overridden. I think my eyeballs may have been refurbished or something. Also, the one expecting some special connection to the new robot child is none other than myself. So, there's that whole aspect to it.

* * *

"The image of the gear or the defunct machine is the image of what history means reached through the compression of time" says Wojnarowicz, and I agree with him. Not that such a selection means much, it was purely coincidental, it coincided in a predetermined death plan in the form of a reading list. If anything, I just like how often he talks about trains.

And that's the thing. I grew up in between two passenger lines (I naively ignored freight when I was younger, perhaps because it was so ordinarily frequent, always in the background) and always yearned to belong to a station under my own place-name. And then later, I thought I got that, but it was presented with thorns of horrible winding roads and the realization that when suburbia gets larger and larger, it gets worse and worse. I was kicked out by my own place-name station. It yelled at me, and so I yelled back years later: screw you, I'm going to the next place-name, I hate your winding roads, I was built for perpendicularity! And so I marched towards the other place-name that was only a route of two turns or so, whether by bus or car or possible (always possible) alien abduction via unconscious teleportation. Once again, I was equal-distance between two stations, two place-names. The difference was that now the less appealing one is actually pragmatically better (no one cares), and that I do not hate other options if someone sets off a bomb on the tracks. I took a different line after a massive signal outage, such a different line that it departed from a different terminal, and I was to be picked up miles away, and this went against so many of my morals that I was reborn a new man, my eyes unconsciously abducted by aliens.

JANUARY 4 2024

It is as if I am unable to see, to properly "look", and am seeing nothing because I am overwhelmed at the fact that I—or "one" as this is a human thing I'm now talking about—have the ability, the eyes, to be able to see everything.

I am no longer wanting to act as if my current state is a "state" itself, and one that is despairing. I wish to figure out myself via figuring out this condition or temperament of mine.

This tea bag in front of me is not real. I pick it up and down again by its string, and I watch the water rise and fall accordingly. I see it, observe it, I notice its mass, but it doesn't feel real. I view everything in a sort of blurry morning vision that doesn't go away no matter how many hours, days, and weeks I am awake. When I took a bath, I watched my body do the same: letting the water rise and fall. But it wasn't real, despite it being my body. I laid my head in the water so that I could hear no more, to match

FROM THE EARLY WRITINGS

what feels like the environment of my insides (as in my head, as I fear I don't exist in my own body). But I still didn't feel like I was existing, as if time stopped, as if that bath became a womb, a shelter, away from all time and space.

I am a dead man walking, or perhaps 'it is the world that is dead.' Despite being more alive, more active, more emotive, I can't help but view such people like that (normal people, "others", the majority) as non-thinking beings, as if dumb and stupid. However even at my most apathetic and cynical, I know that their life (if existent in the first place) is far happier than mine. So what if I spend time thinking and trying to figure out the world? I am not living. Yet at the same time, I don't say that to self-deprecate. I don't blame myself because that is all I have. All I have to work with is thought. I require and need to figure out the world be-

fore I move on, otherwise I cannot do so. Others are too "dumb" and "stupid" to realize the things I've realized, at the time I've realized them, all on my own. Who has it better then? Who is smarter? I once again think everything essentially neutralizes... Yet not "equal" or that the two experiences are the same. There is still the glaring difference between everyone else and I.

* * *

I wonder if—and now this follows my very recent delve into

it won't be as much sense to the current reader, and only I know the context behind this, yet not well enough to be aware enough to therefore share and explain the context—

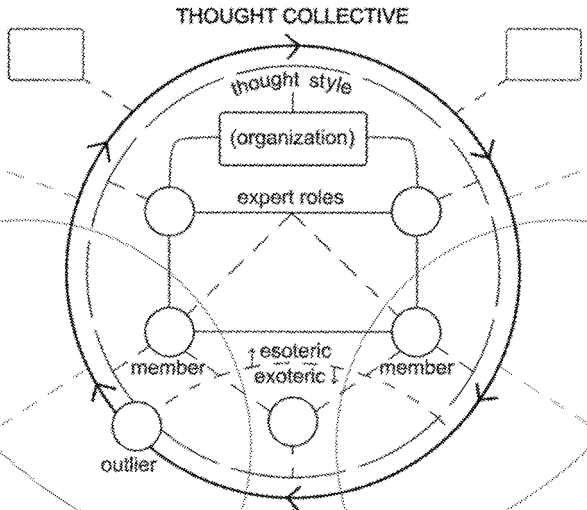
as in, being able to truly see and experience my environment and what I am experiencing myself (or perhaps more concisely, the normal way of experiencing, and living).

Or is it—and maybe this connects to anyways—an inability to get out of my head? To leave my inner world. I am silencing the external world by inserting music and noises into my head. I will wonder why I'm struggling to read, to focus, and to think... Meanwhile, I have my senses overloaded with auditory information. Of course. Yet, without it, the noise, the silencing, I cannot think either. Instead, my 'inner voice' surfaces, which I use in a universal way, the inner voice everyone has typically, the one that mumbles. It mumbles about others, myself in the face of others. Everything, living, interacting with the world... It is like a game: Try not to run into the person not paying attention, try not to look strange in front of those who don't see me. Make enemies, be interested in another, and try not to look at either one as they look at me... My inner voice, the game narrator, stumbles. No matter what, inconveniences arise, awkwardness surfaces. The lady at the grocery store is blocking the milk section with her cart. I wait. She doesn't budge. Another shopper comes by, he is more assertive, yet friendly and out-

going. He moves her cart, excuses himself, and thanks her. Now I am sheepishly waiting for him to grab his milk. He apologizes as he notices me, as if I only just showed up. I don't know if I refuse to say something out of an inability to do so or to purposefully make the person notice the situation they've created. If told by another that they are inconveniencing, one gets angry. Surely one is not to be blamed! The nerve of that stranger to say something... But if they realize it themselves, the most genuine, impossible to deny, and factual guilt surfaces. Do I wish for others to feel guilty? Or do I wish for others to gain self-awareness? I wonder if that is the same thing.

THOUGHT COLLECTIVE

I don't exist in this cafe, and at the same time, no one else is real. I can practically see the glass wall encompassing me at my corner table, gazing, staring, squinting at the rest of the room. Leaning over, I fall right through the booth seat and the wall. I am not real. And these walls aren't either.



THOUGHT COLLECTIVE
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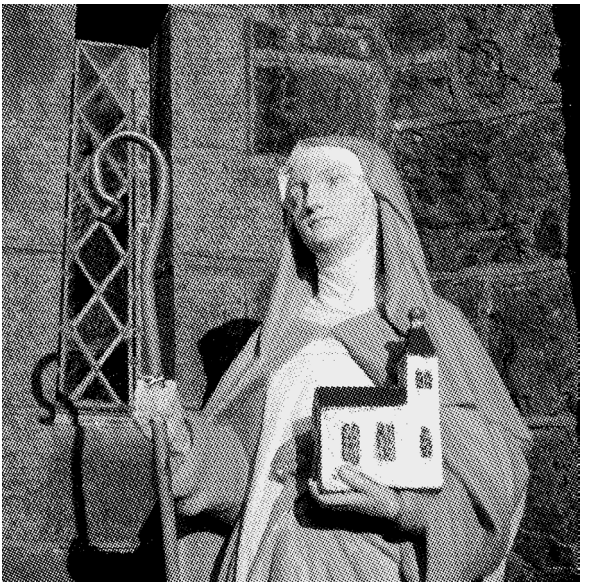

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IRELAND

JUNE 2 2025

I am at the beach for no reason; actually I had to find a reason because I had to pick up some medicine, an amount to last while I'm abroad (look at how I finally get to speak in such a way), and it would be foolish by the most basic logic to spend such a long commute on not spending time in the city. And so I went not into the city as in the city center, but north, aimlessly, as north as possible, and then back south, because the farthest north beach that hasn't been eroded was too awkwardly small and I found no satisfactory space. But the one on Touhy? A perfect rocky corner to act far too self-important at, yes. What is it about, going north? When one is on the train and you don't file out along with the others but stay on, stay on some more, keep staying...

Typically the north is for scowling at, for claiming, by way of an inferiority complex, that they do not have what you have, and what you have is a lack in the weight of, what, humbleness? With that much self-importance? 'No, we are worse, and that's what makes us better!' But when you widen the scope, there is a sudden northerness bond, a 'oh shit, we are all north, actually' that makes one naturally root against any hockey team from 'down there', with the fake reasoning of 'naturalness' and genuinity—sure we all play indoors, but it is unnatural if you do not freeze outside yourself!—fake because, really, no one cares, no one actually holds any such opinions, we are just reacting in self-preservation and reacting in such a way because we do not know what we are reacting against, all we know is the sensation of a threat, of threat itself.

* * *

Every so often I look up to see airplanes (or, well, you can always look up to see one here) and I think about how I will be in one, which fills me with such awe and wonder at the same time as filling me with a deadly amount of dread. I do not want to be in it for 8 hours crammed next to others (not that being spaciously around others is any better). It just seems all so strange, me going anywhere, me going east. I have labelled this excursion as an attempted

escape, or a trial of an escape, a pseudo-escape where I play out my fantasies of leaving as much as possible behind and pretend to live a new life, one where I am the lost disappointment of something or another and where I continue to do nothing special of any sort other than be lost.

* * *

I wanted to write more on this whole northern wandering, on how attracted I am to left-behind industrial waste, how nauseous I become sitting next to someone, it's all connected some way or another. But I shouldn't speak as if I am only a lover of the dead, no, there are plenty of things that are alive and alive in a particularly genuine way. I just passed by a lanky and shaggy looking young man holding himself above a large dumpster, looking intently, searching, but this dumpster was behind such an unbranded, unassuming, equally lanky and shaggy warehouse that I wasn't sure if I had witnessed a keen dumpster diver or a worker; all the 'modernization' construction going on in the far northside that has not destroyed nor mangled a single station thus far, extremely impressive; and the red plastic netting of temporary stations; and the workers cleaning and fixing the top of some building somewhere; the neon-yellow vests; the neon vest of the kayaker who washed up on shore next to me today and decided to take a break for water; workers! I have always been the type to dream of collecting tickets or conducting wayfinding or directing traffic, but we cannot all follow our dreams, and that is why I went to art school. They are doing something with the ground in that patch of land over there, they are preparing it. Another one here. A crane, a tractor, a mysterious piece of work equipment; I am obsessed with it. But, equal to my craze, as my mouth frosts and my hands grip my face, sometimes the action takes a turn for the worse, accelerating, building acceleration, building 'new-ness' with no end in sight, no workers in sight, it springs up on its own, and my fingers slowly loosen up and my hands fall from my face, and unable to grip it now, I lose my mind a little. I am so easily overwhelmed. With each 'for sale' sign on each empty, washed field, with each expansion of each suburb, with each acceleration, I grow so tired, a nail is beaten down into my back instead of someone else's floorboards, and I don't know... I become speechless, always, and I just know I am threatened, not directly, but

the thread is accelerating faster each day around me. I cannot follow its circle anymore, beyond dizzy. I feel no course or action but to flee. Yet, to where? What will rainy and rocky hills have for me? I do not know. Franklin Park opened their public pool (it is right next to the tracks).

I keep looking up to see a plane, thinking I see a plane, but it is actually a smudge in the window, a line that my peripheral vision keeps mistranslating, and this whole act puts me greatly on edge. It's all so strange.

JUNE 8 2025

Just about nothing seems real, which is to say I look out at the limestone hill and I feel I am not looking at it, despite knowing with certainty that I am, more so in that I expect a reaction from myself, of awe, surprise, confusement, but I get nothing. Which doesn't sound so out of the ordinary, but I mean that I do not even have a physical or mental sensation of looking upon an object. I see now the sunlight hitting the hill, which did take me by a shock, but no other sensation. I hear the constant noise of sheep and cows, and think nothing. None of this is familiar. Nothing is ever familiar because I just about do nothing, so I haven't found myself ever doing something again, instead I am constantly commenting 'I have never...' I have never seen it... I have never done that... I have never had a diet coke. The sun went away.

I have found myself immediately taking a mental pleasure in waking up before all the others and staying up while everyone naps or staying late as everyone is asleep. It started raining so I went inside, others are starting to wake, and I hope I appear as if I should not be bothered.

That's the thing, I realize now, or at least I witness now. I have been around others before, my own house is an example of that. I have shared a dormitory room with two others, I have been in a college, and so on and so forth. But all of these places were highly regulated and organized institutional-esque settings: the hierarchy of the house is the hierarchy of the school, we

are all schedules, divided up, tasked, but treated as if it is a real-life, a real-life of order and complaints and delusions. The workman comes home to his wife, the traffic was awful. The traffic is always awful. Similarly, schoolmates and schoolteachers open conversations with complaints of the weather, end conversations with complaints of the weather, and throw in jabbing breaches in the midst of conversations with complaints of the weather. But it is always like this, it is always flip-flopping in fall and sprint, it is always warm in October and abruptly cold on Halloween, it is always lacking in snow all December until March brings out the missed flurries. It is always like this, we live in the city of Chicago and experience its weather—weather, the freest operation of natural order that is more real than any of us will ever be—we do not experience Californian weather because we do not live in the state of California; you commute 30 miles on i90, there is going to be traffic, no? Why is it that I am seen as crazy as I delve into analogies of certainty and assumption, as I question why the sun must set and rise tomorrow, but when I choose to function in the operation of normal-certainty, everyone acts as if we don't even know what the sun is? Bollocks! I actually do not dislike this difference, but do hold annoyance at the weather related conventions. I am passionate about weather smalltalk.

JUNE 12 2025

From the author's other notes:

> *If you gave me a way to, I would do it, probably. The only thing that makes me think about something further is random theory and history and so on... Which just makes the whole thing look awful. Though I suppose this should be some sort of significant moment, as I constantly declare and think but never feel particularly moved to. But in this moment, when I heard the quietness; after , after becoming nauseated around others for the dozenth time, after realizing just how lost I am... But now the [change] is occupying my mind greatly and so even moving on is difficult.*

My immediate reaction upon coming out of the library was 'No, I mustn't, because there is still theory!' How horrible that something incites *something* inside! Just when you think you've killed it all off, something holds on, jestering for the whole operation to continue. At first my reaction was of a passionate and life-filled stride towards God knows what, but as I write the process of what happened here, I cannot help but feel a chill run down...

But then I fall back into my other life, and the other me, and I flip-flop all over the place, saying this and that, sitting at the toy control deck believing I'm actually causing changes and reactions to occur from this repetitive, hysteric act. So indulgent that it's a bit shameful, a bit guilty. And I'm split up all over the place here, my life there, myself now, the differences there. I feel squished up against the side of a wall, slightly carsick, watching all the linked-up commotion on the other side ride on and on, and I'm aware I have placed myself in this window seat. I see people come in and out of my little corner, although remaining in its entryway, save for a few moments here and there that bring me so close to humanity I could vomit with a smile on my face. But in those entryway times, it's not me, I'm greeting everyone with a different face I've pulled out of the coat closet, a face I have always been quite afraid of. And it's fun, in this separated, split sort of way.

* * *

But it's when it's raining, when someone is more familiar, when a moment occurs between us where a piece of shared knowledge or opinion goes beyond our environmental relatedness; a moment that shatters the solipsistic bubble, and I do not see myself in third person under a streetlamp but instead see the light above my head, I see the light myself, and what I don't see is the entryway glass door in front of my face. A shattering moment that surprisingly has little immediate impact, and no one will ever have seen that the door opened, and they will all believe there is still glass, and that I'm not all cut up and beat and battered.

Who is it that is there in the doorway, which one of myself? Something occurs that wipes my door-face clean, and while I still continue to wear it and prance down the road, the fact that I'd been seen remains deep in my gut, and my mouth remains a straight line, and my heartbeat ceases its palpitations... A deepness that, on the next hours and day, I rise from and stay within by slowly opening my heavy eyelids without a twitch or change in expression, a complete closure, a non-pseudo, non-hysteric face presents itself upon me and reaches out, from a direction I do not know, and consoles me; I am you, this is me. My hands turn cold and purple, they lose their color, the rain starts up again, and my palms ache from the sensation of holding myself in my own arms. I retreat and retreat so that a stomped pathway now exists in my head, and I expect to embark on the same route now, but I look up from my blue fingernails to see that I had run from nothing, and I'm staring out at the edge of my brain, turning into a transparent wall, its molecules fading, and now it's green, now it's grey; stone, brick, gravel... A quietness so deep and enveloped in the mountains it stings my ears, but this time I slip quietly into it, for I realize the silence is of my own thoughts, or lack thereof. No thought, no doubt, my nerves carry on and my ghost self tells me I'm certain. Without a single word or indication or detail, I accept my fate, and the only question that comes on once the gears inside shift slightly is 'what to do for now, then?' I walk into the library.

JUNE 14 2025

There is nausea in the walls and the floors and the concrete, in the asphalt, in the gravel, in the grey; it's just about everywhere and can only be captured in the eye of a camera lens, that is why I never see it coming. And there's something so sad in the same old things, you know? In the bus ads—now hiring at competitive wages!—and the empty, empty, inflated, big box suburbs; it's universal, it transcends boundaries and borders. And the socket part is how much it draws me in. The purple, blue, yellow, every damn color of the city walls entice you and sing to you, and then they chew you out. Galway chewed me whole and spat me out down by the river overlooking a suburban sprawl, swarming with only one or two miserable locals nearby, and I had to start running. I just had to start running. Hopped on a bus early away from everyone I did, and felt the whole grey sky crash down. The bright aqua color of the schoolboy's tie nauseated me and stayed in my mind for the duration of the trip, despite it being a Saturday, and I tasted it in a breath mint, in the milk I had purchased, in the water I had boiled...

Bothered by just about everything, I keep looking upwards as if to salvation. I had a dream that made little sense except for a part where I found myself in a church, and I was so bewildered that I dropped my entire thinking-ability in the holy water bath, dipped my hand in it after everyone else did (except the bath—yes it was a whole bathtub for some reason—was many feet deep, and I couldn't reach it without making a fool out of myself, so I simply presented that I made contact with its surface) and signed myself with the cross and walked out; as I did, I expected to laugh in some clinical manner, but an urge took over my body so intensely, an urge that could make one drop to their knees; an urge to beg for salvation took over and I felt positively connected to a greater power. Perhaps it was the suffering which was so high, one had no choice but to look to whoever is controlling this world; but it was just me, alone, solipsistic in the church, just me and God—that's how the solipsistic bubble is solved, there is no one other than I, and this no one is encapsulated by the entire external world, people, nature, and God included. Even the cows, too, the cows are included.

JUNE 15 2025

I continuously fantasize about long, solitary walks out and away from everything, of wandering around in some miserable fashion, of some movie-esque scene—and here I already struggle to detail exactly what I mean, as there really is no substance to the image, despite how clear it is in my mind... I've reached my point already, see, for the same reason there is no substance is the same reason I manage to stay concerned about where and what I cannot do or walk or sit, and instead I take the outlined 'correct' route until I come back 'home' promptly for dinner, despite covering my meals myself, despite my lack of appetite.

The main and current issue is that I have not a single clue what this reason is, and I manage to fail time and time again to trace the two results—my returning home and my lack of substance in fantasy—back to its sources.

Recently, I must ask what I am doing at all here; here, I am by the water watching people and tourists of the town walk past, round the corner, and come back, elder, children, and dogs, in English, Irish, and many others, who silence their conversations as they come closer (they do not if they are Dutch), only starting up about twenty feet later or so, so that I only hear their voices as echos until it's drowned out by the lulling noise of a tour bus, which comes every few minutes or so.

Just now, actually, some teenager with a camera walked past extremely close to my bench, and I was already holding my paper down from the wind with my hand and looking upwards vacantly, so that, I don't know, I look a correct amount of absentminded, and so I don't look into the face of a passerby, when the teenager instead looked right into *my* face with some awkward look, and clutched her camera, and wouldn't have passed if not for her legs desperately forcing themselves forward after a few seconds; I have gotten so distracted by the sudden increase in passersby and the sound of shutter clicks that I have lost all words, and each prior one you see there was written in such a stressed hurry in response to my new perceivable role of 'the writer on the pier' as if I did not want to disrespect the general public by my pen not moving, or something. Really, the sun is killing my face, and the languages I

rarely hear back at home make my stomach churn for whatever reason; I've been followed around by the Dutch and Germans since the O'Hare airport security line. Really, *really*, I struggle because I have not a single thought in my head, all day and of recent, and I even struggle to merely observe my environment, as its expected unfamiliarity doesn't show itself to my eyes, but instead shows itself hours later in my stomach, as I lay in bed and watch a wave of dread and nausea crash on, dark clouds overhead churning, duvet covers suffocating... So I repeat myself again and again and struggle to understand single word anyone says to me, and I struggle to respond, because I both have no words as well as no energy, no life force in my empty, peckish stomach, and I react inside as if I had just heard either the worst or the stupidest news right first thing in the morning. That is why (what is 'that'? I have outlined nothing) I could only stop my raincloud nightmares by reading a bit of Beckett and understanding far too much and laughing maniacally in the bottom of my stomach, silently.

> *"... the government... can never trust them, because they tell us nothing, you know. If they told us more, you know, we would trust them, that's how you get someone to trust you, you know. But they don't, they don't, you know, that's why we all can't listen to the government..."*

> *"We'll leave the women chatting there, talking about life and all... What's the youngest, 50? Born 1970 or so, can you imagine?..."*

And something out of breath, about a Sinead or someone... That's the best I can do. The man with the out of breath-er sings when his wife isn't talking: *Dey dey deyyy.... De-De-De-Deyyy...* They walked past four times now.

I'm all too aware, I'm all far too aware, maybe that's the issue...

JUNE 20 2025

There is something sickly enjoyable about coming down to a bright, sunny kitchen area sprawled with empty bottles of alcohol, alcohol that I had only a small taste of, but for whatever, by way of amusing the others, I've become known for; the Smirnoff gleams back in the sunlight, and a 'you know there's better Vodka out there than Smirnoff?' rings in my ears as I nearly smile, and walk up to my room with a hot, clear drink of boiling water.

I don't want to go to the studio today, and as much as I can claim its due to this heatwave (which Chicago is also experiencing, but there is almost a 20 degree difference), or the sore, dry throat I woke up with, I can feel my head buzzing, no longer a victim to the nausea, but now all too aware, all too thinking, and all too obsessed with the difference between this and that, me and them; I've embodied it, we are back, my split self merged sometime between the clear liquid and the milky one, in which I need to once again drag myself to the Centra to buy and sign yet again another receipt.

Yes, it was between the two drinks, the two mug refills, where I drank the tap water that had rinsed it, and I must have consumed my own filth and purity, both of the same. And what had caused this kitchen act to occur with all of the lights off is that I had let myself go, yes, to the trenches of conversation, and I think I can say with confidence that I had been enveloped, again, eaten whole, spit out, etc. But this time I spat my own self out, it was a rescue mission. And, really, I had been utterly stupid, I must have been stupid to act the way I did, throwing this and that jab here and there, nothing necessarily out of the usual, but I had forgotten where I was sitting and how many other chairs were around, and jab after jab I combatted this and that question, throwing in my own to have some entertainment. But I realized after my second tea, far too late, that everything getting thrown around was, the entire time, being taken far too seriously, and I watched everyone's inner emotion-machines churn and sway, producing this and that affect, and I realized I had been thrown into some other production machine outside of my control and now a socially-held image of me existed. That is when I asked permission to unscrew the bottle myself, but I had only a taste. The

empty bottle was later shown to the group after several hours had passed in a shocked manner (which I didn't understand because it had been hours), and everyone's machines knew my mug was always clear, that's the joke, of various, rotating clarities, but it wasn't me! It was only a taste!

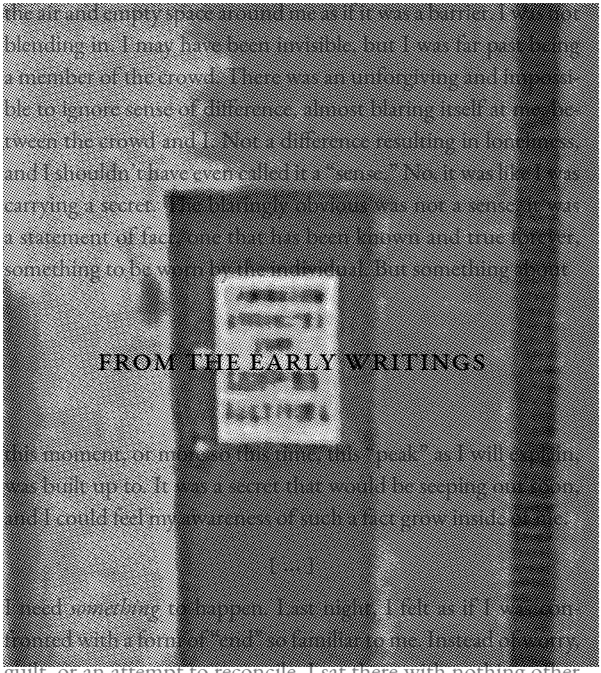
JUNE 24 2025

I've managed to screw it! I have not a single clue on what hour it is, I've set myself back to 6 hours prior, each application I sent out that night, *plop, plop, plop,* each one setting the world back one more hour, one more foot, the earth spins backwards... And now I feel the familiar feeling of all my grogginess sitting peacefully in my sinuses and my itchy eyes, something childish in it.

I wish so badly to lay my head down sideways without a cough coming on, that's childish too. I've done nothing but relive my primary years in fear of a fear that will never occur, getting wet in the rain and holding my face in fear... In fear of? Hurling; that was the first reason. Because once I realized your mouth makes a funny feeling before you hurl, it was all over from there, head in hands on the classroom rug because my cheeks got a bit too warm and a bit too mistakenly funny. These white walls make my vision flash and disappear if I do not lower my gaze fast enough, and just like in the white-tile bathtub, I hold my breath in hope—in hope of what? To fainting.

NOVEMBER 19 2023 START

I feel like I need to run away. I can't bear to be in my room, to be seen in my living space at all times... However, I can't go outside either. Yesterday, among the holiday crowds, I felt like a madman let loose. Every step I took was so rushed, but I felt no weight being placed on the ground. It was as if I was not supposed to be there, to be seen. However, instead of normally feeling as if I am "sneaking past", in a nimble and small way, blending in, I felt

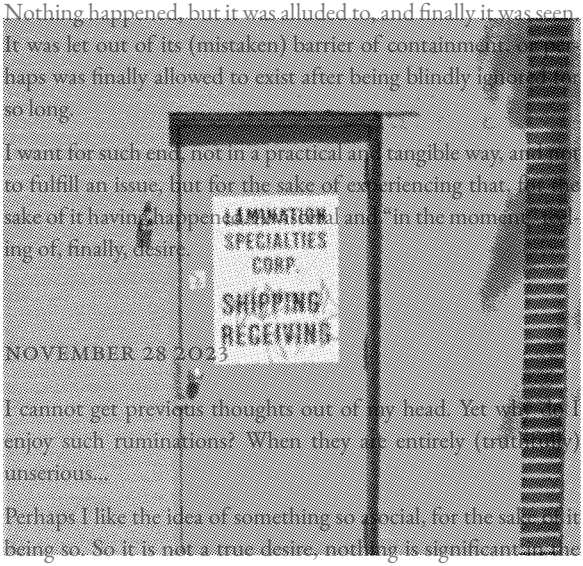


guilt, or an attempt to reconcile, I sat there with nothing other than a sick, pleasurable smile. After the realization that all previous possible and correct responses (the aforementioned "worry", "guilt", etc) were all either felt inauthentically, or incorrectly (if what is felt is real, but misdirected and felt incorrectly, and such feeling, or at least the significance of such feeling, relies on it being felt correctly, then can it be simplified into being "fake"?), then when such an event happens again, I either will

now reproduce such a reaction entirely and deliberately fake, or I will only experience the truth. For once, the truth was not nothingness (not nothing as in the lack of what would otherwise be there, it is "nothing" in an active way, it is *something*, it is nothing. *Nothing* is there), but instead was an excitement for the "end". A feeling of "finally, the thing (in which we all knew could exist and could be led up to, just no one wants to admit it) is happening." Though such a feeling is the mental feeling, as a thought. What emotionally results from that is a sense of relief that, coupled with the event happening, becomes a sick enjoyment.

Nothing happened, but it was alluded to, and finally it was seen. It was let out of its (mistaken) barrier of containment. It perhaps was finally allowed to exist after being blindly ignored for so long.

I want for such end, not in a practical and tangible way, and not to fulfill an issue, but for the sake of experiencing that, for the sake of it having happened. Irrational and in the moment feeling of, finally, desire.



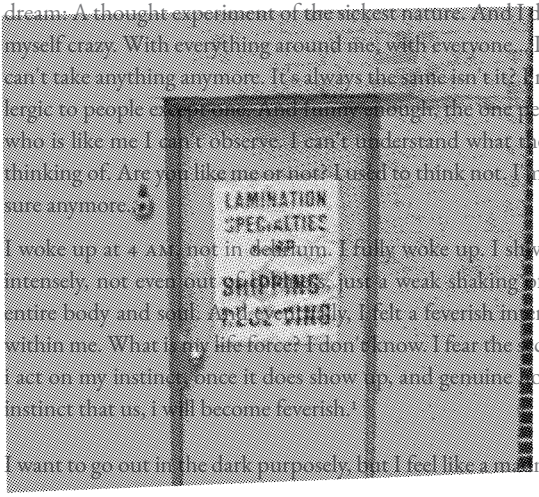
NOVEMBER 28 2023

I cannot get previous thoughts out of my head. Yet why do I enjoy such ruminations? When they are entirely (truly) unserious...

Perhaps I like the idea of something so asocial, for the sake of being so. So it is not a true desire, nothing is significant. The thought, the specific doesn't matter and will likely render it false (in terms of "wanting to do"). But to express my incomplete idea, I will say: If I must always comply with societal norms of "being human", ones of no efficiency or necessity, and therefore constantly going against my desires and nature... would my nature and desires therefore be inhuman or inhumane?

DECEMBER 11 2023

My inner sickness has manifested itself to my physical body. I am sick and ill in more ways than one. Now I feel horrible, like the life has been sucked out of me. But I continuously front as a living breathing human. Do I act fun to appear fun? Or is it a sick attempt to convince myself that I am having fun... I am not, really, with anything. There is nothing and my thoughts evolve into more sickness every second I have to myself. I dream, and I fantasize. All of them are so sick and twisted, yet comforting, which in of itself becomes more sick. When did I become so weird? With these ill thoughts... Purely thought, no desire, no dream. A thought experiment of the sickest nature. And I drove myself crazy. With everything around me, with everyone... I just can't take anything anymore. It's always the same isn't it? I'm allergic to people everywhere. And among thoughts, the one person who is like me I can't observe. I can't understand what they're thinking of. Are you like me or not? I used to think not. I'm not sure anymore...



I woke up at 4 AM not in delirium. I fully woke up. I shivered intensely, not even out of cold, just a weak shaking of my entire body and soul. And everything. I felt a feverish intensity within me. What is my life force? I don't know. I fear the second I act on my instincts, once it does show up, and genuine, honest instinct that us, I will become feverish.[1]

I want to go out in the dark purposely, but I feel like a madman.

[1]It is to note that immediately afterwards, I did go out in order to retrieve some paintings. And then got sick.

UNDATED, DECEMBER 2023

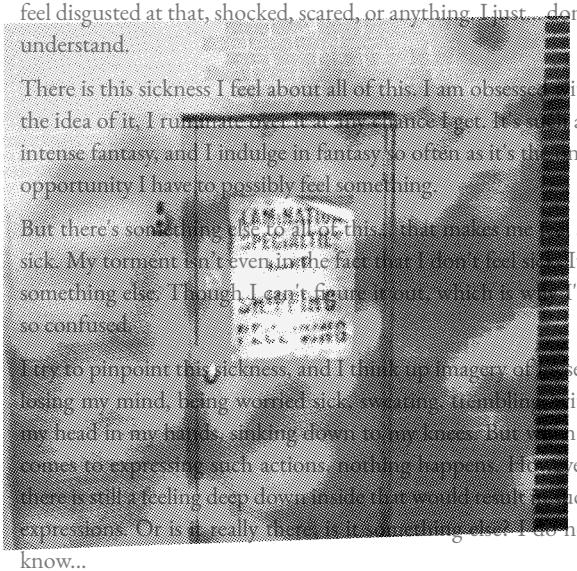
I sat ruminating on the extent of this "unaffectedness" and lack of morals I feel, and I realized that I was capable of being a horrible person, unable to suffer setbacks such as guilt. But the real-

ization of that was not what was significant, it was the fact that I had not reacted to such realization at all. Nothing about it felt significant or disturbing to me... Instead all I can do is painfully laugh at that fact, and the futility of this whole thing.

I have already killed a man in my mind.

DECEMBER 28 2023

I don't know where to begin... I don't understand how I got here, to this point, of where I think like this. But it's not that I feel disgusted at that, shocked, scared, or anything. I just... don't understand.



There is this sickness I feel about all of this. I am obsessed with the idea of it. I ru[illegible] fascinance I get. It's [illegible] an intense fantasy, and I indulge in fantasy so often as it's the only opportunity I have to possibly feel something.

But there's something else to all of this, that makes me feel so sick. My torment isn't even in the fact that I don't feel at all. It's something else. I don't [illegible] which is why I'm so confused.

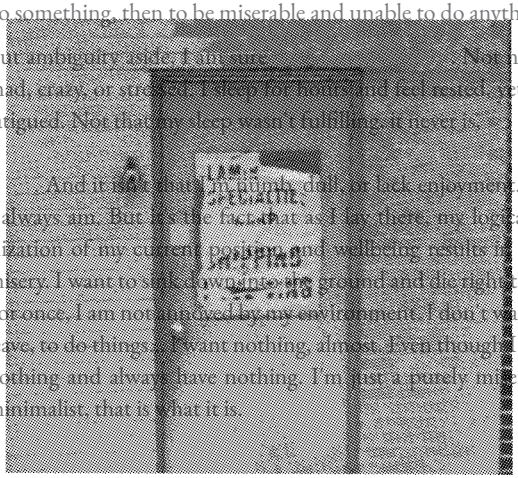
I try to pinpoint this sickness, and I think up imagery of myself losing my mind. Being worried sick. Sweating. Trembling. With my head in my hands, sinking down to my knees. But when it comes to expressing such actions, nothing happens. However, there is still a feeling deep down inside that would result in such expressions. Or is it really that [illegible]? I do not know...

I am unable to think, yet I truly want to, though I don't put much effort towards that at the same time. The second I give myself silence, my mind goes to other places. Other facts, such as the futility I feel in life, my intense dissatisfaction, my intense nothingness. Confronting this makes my head spin slightly. My chest feels light, but in a painful way. It is a feeling, a true feeling of emotion, but I can't understand what it is. I don't even know

if it is good or bad, if it is intense or dull. If it is significant... something worthy to act on...

It is always like this, when I am confronted with real . For someone who pays such close attention to minor feelings, logical feelings for the most part, in order to exaggerate and conflate it enough to express some sort of reaction, I really have no idea, no hint, at what these are.

On the intense desire to end everything. To run away, to do something, to die. All of it. It is such a fleeting theme though, and I immediately sink back into the acceptance that my current lifestyle is so comfortable, even if it is so unsatisfactory... However, I do really think it is better to be miserable and having to do something, then to be miserable and unable to do anything.



But ambiguity aside I am sure. Not nearly mad, crazy, or stressed. I sleep for hours and feel rested, yet still fatigued. Not that my deep want fulfilling, it never is.

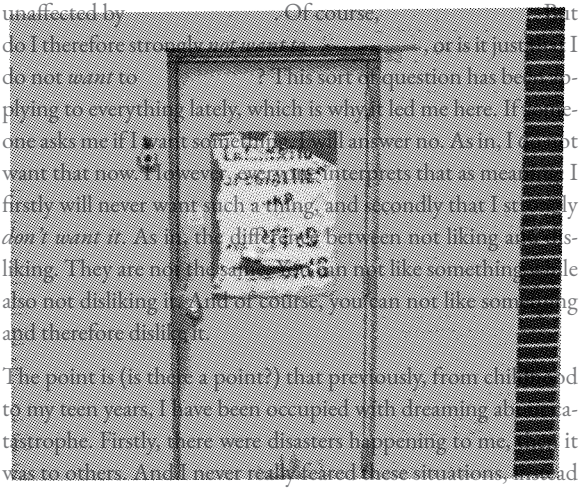
And it is not that I am unhappy, dull, or lack enjoyment... As I always am. But it is the fact that as I lay there, my logical realization of my current position and wellbeing results in pure misery. I want to sink through the ground and die right there. For once, I am not influenced by my environment, I don't want to leave, to do things. I want nothing, almost. Even though I have nothing and always have nothing. I'm just a purely miserable minimalist, that is what it is.

NOVEMBER 1 2023

There has been a thought in my mind that I haven't been able to stray away from, to the point where such a topic dictates so much of my proceeding thoughts. Of course, staying within my mind. And honestly, I find no significance in this. I only dwell and worry about it when I allow the thoughts and my mind to flourish and play themselves in the realm of fiction, in a fictional future-oriented mind space.

It is a topic one shouldn't dwell on or think of, it's highly unnecessary, especially at the level and way I do. Not that it will lead to anything . No, the way of thinking I'm talking about only seems deranged to others in their outside perception. That is all. , really. But I must stay aware of the outside perception, as I almost voiced my thoughts and consequential theories—which constantly, at least when becoming concrete hypotheticals, take on a joking manner, as I keep emphasizing it's not all that serious—outloud . I think of it as long as it would result in an equal conversation, but the perception of such a topic is so strong that I know it would never.

The point is that in all of my traits, it seems like I'd be the most unaffected by . Of course, . But do I therefore strongly , or is it just I do not *want* to ? This sort of question has been applying to everything lately, which is why I led me here. If someone asks me if I want something, I will answer no. As in, I do not want that now. However, even the intentions that as mean I firstly will never want such a thing, and secondly that I strongly *don't want it*. As in, the difference between not liking and disliking. They are not the same. I can not like something while also not disliking it. And of course, you can not like something and therefore dislike it.



The point is (is there a point?) that previously, from childhood to my teen years, I have been occupied with dreaming about catastrophe. Firstly, there were disasters happening to me, and it was to others. And I never really feared these situations, instead I was fascinated by them. And strangely, I wanted it to happen. To bring a sense of interest from the mental realm to the tangible, I suppose. A childish yearning for injury. However, quickly the disasters turned simply more and more realistic. And overtime, I quickly realized I was extremely unaffected by . When it happenned, my realizations were confirmed. Of course, this was long ago. But even when news hits of who I've known of once before, like for

instance, I felt nothing. It got me thinking at some point, and especially recently when I entered college, if

.

However, such a thought is so detached from fantasy. It is pretty ordinary wondering. There is nothing to imagine. But somehow, and I'm not sure why, I started thinking about

. Of course there is the ordinary wondering of

, but one imaginary scenario entered my mind, and it is that of

. Because of the situation, I felt no worry in thinking about it. However, I think that was a false safety net. At some point in time I became obsessed with the physicality of it. The grabbing

, plunging dragging

such intensity and adrenaline, not the specific situation.

, 'cra-

zy'. But I cannot, because I'm not really doing anything. And thus I wondered

It really is the dumbest thing, but I have these wonders which always seem to fill my brain, rendering me useless when engaging in any media as I feel compelled to go to draw and dream through the wonder. But the thought that I'd be so affected makes me think I should really get help. However, I am only slightly unsettled by the fact that I am bored. I want to call

, but suddenly I become curious

and refuse to entertain that idea.

Tell Us About Your Skills

Owns a Bicycle

Owns Knives

I

THE START OF PSEUDO

JANUARY 20 2024

I grew up in a town with an English name and an unequally non-English population, then spent my most conscious years in a town with a German name and an equally, somewhat unequally, "I'm a quarter German" population. I hate both the English and the Germans, but I hate them for their arrogance. Not that I belong to anything other than the lame and measly west Chicago "burb" pseudo all-American nationality in which I find myself, somehow, both unable to fully grasp or run away from at the same time. It seems that when I don't want to be American, I suddenly am, and when I claim my specific form of American-ness, I suddenly am not that either. When I am west, I am north. When I am north, I am not even from this country. Something like that.

JANUARY 21 2024

I picked up writing. I became miserable. I started to share my writings, albeit partially. I am becoming insufferable.

But that was the goal. Nothing is going on, nothing is ever going on. If I stop moving I'm sure I'll die. Yet whenever the moment comes, I can't find a reason to. See, if I'm miserable, then at the very least I have something to go off of. I can delude myself in my misery, chasing the aesthetics of such a thing until I become misery myself. I walk around and wander, pacing in circles, tripping over myself. I cross streets sheepishly, assuming the cars won't stop, as if I'm pleading to get run over. When I do attempt to control the crosswalk, I'm met with a speeding car a foot in front of me, and I kiss the ground it drove over in appreciation for such a rush. I step over piles of snow with my arms out childishly. I swing as I grab onto poles and handles, circling the wide open area I have cultivated for myself, and I essentially embrace it with my arms out. I want to be the madman who is free, with the appearance of a

young boy you cannot help but trust. They all know, everyone knows... I am merely, I am meek. I am of the short and nimble appearance, my movement is that of a mouse. Yet something about my character pierces the individual who crosses me. There is interest yet distant caution at the same time, there always was. As if I know something they don't, and, well, I can't help but agree. And to those who recognize my meek build, my inability to fight back, who don't know yet what is brewing inside of my head, my most life-saving trait is showcased: I have nothing. I have nothing on me, there is nothing to me. Nothing you want, at least. So go elsewhere, bother others. I am free to roam and run through the most isolated, dark, and weary crevices. By definition from others, danger is all around me. Though if that's true, then I must have built up a shield around myself. And not a shield of hardness, but as if that space encompassing and protecting me is instead a realm of its own. A new universe and plane interfering and cutting through the common realm which is our current world and reality.

JANUARY 21 2024

I dress in a way I deem "fit"; suddenly the urge to appear as an upper-class academic takes over me. But this shirt, blazer, and jacket; they aren't mine. I "worked my way up" and ascended into owning a pair of jeans on retail, Levi brand name. My shoes are of similar status: those Steve Madden boots which I can't remember if they were always so tight and fitted, or if overtime they molded themselves onto me. Brand name, a well known brand. Yet bought where? Kohl's on sale, that Designer Shoe Warehouse which couldn't be a better symbol of fake and desperate luxury. On its own, this topic and situation is nothing of importance, but in recent times, I have grown far more self-conscious over it. To those I'm not dressing for, they assume I am such status in which I am attempting to achieve. To those of said status, despite my appearance at first glance, I appear like a child in costume. Unknown brands, second-hand, ill-fitting clothes, and an insistence that black and

white looks classy. I look up and realize the dimmed colors of sweaters worn over patterned shirts around me, only allowing for an inch of the collar to be seen. Sometimes, to make matters worse, the clothes are in white and beige. Not the synthetic light yellow "cream" tone, but instead that natural beige which I have never touched before outside of the pages of my sun bleached notebooks. Anything but white tones! How I hated such people, how they made me so sick. But I have this sinking feeling that my way of life, at least in ideals, is evolving into one day surrounding me in seas of white and beige audiences.

Every outfit I put on is like a game of dress up. But instead, now I find myself singled out for such costume quality. And the more I try to fit in (fit in where?) the more I betray those I considered to be at the same level of.

JANUARY 27 2024

Philosophical musings, psychoanalytic breakthroughs; rewiring my hunger both for food and media sources, with all pointing towards themes of murder! Coincidences are just essentially subconscious reasonings for choosing what we chose and therefore encounter, both aware of these yet ignorant at the same time—which isn't a contradiction (I owe a lot to Kant and Kantian lessons in my simultaneous usages of "subjective" and "universal"—in which I suppose owes to all relevant previous writers, particularly Hume, so I truthfully don't mean to call myself Kantian in any slight manner! Perhaps I just appreciate his intensely German means), and the more I reference God, the more I reach a near Spinozist belief in such a thing. Namedropping. Because, I ask, where else am I looking up to when I find something so overwhelmingly ridiculous, exciting, or satisfying? Gazing upwards, begging, "Do you see this? Do you see this too? I am alive!" Who else am I speaking to when the words of my raves and ramblings remain in my head, yet my body language is directed to someone and something, outwardly and externally? My wall is God, my window is God, the city hundreds of feet in the air is

God, and simultaneously all is my audience; a parent watching their child share an incoherent story; a psychologist watching their patient share their disturbed and disorganized speech; passionate, leaking.

* * *

It's like, "Someone gets me!"—Though, does that mean I am not as original as I thought? Does that threaten my individuality? Actually, perhaps not, for I feel no fear regarding such a threat, and those examples of similarities to "me" merely remain in fiction[1]. Something on the effect of Tolstoy, though I did not hear that from him myself, I was told—told by a book. Is Tolstoy that someone? Or is it the other author I read from? Though, I sense that if she were to know her creation essentially embodies the same inner conflict, and thus the same assumed and conclusive solution, that I have, then, she would be horrified.

[1]Interestingly, when I transcribed this sentence, I thought I was referring to myself as fictional. In actuality, I was referencing the fact that the source of similarities was fictional, a book. So therefore, around others (real) I am fictional. Around media (fiction) I am real.

JANUARY 30 2024

Mind is buzzing, but there is no glee, no excitement, no panic. I am not deluded, I am truly level-headed, and that is exactly why I wrack my brain over this. My mind is buzzing, and of course, with so much of its content being the new information, new stories, and new intellectual beginnings from this new wave of classes, it should be a good thing. Yet, as I'm so level-headed now and therefore being able to see reality and situational matters with true clear objectivity, at the same time—and this point is essential for understanding how ridiculously level-headed I am! How aware! How clear this

all is—I am so very aware of my own perspective. Christ, when was the last time my vision felt inside of my eyes, and those eyes connected to the brain, my mind, and therefore my self? My mind is buzzing but my eyes are wide open in shock. It is as if I had witnessed a horrible accident. Though, more accurately to my current situation, it is as if I had hidden a murderous secret for so long, but wasn't truly tested in that until now. And suddenly, someone (of all people!)—though in reality, this is *the* person, but for the sake of the analogy I digress—mentions something that sends me and my comrade into chills; wide-eyed, side-eyeing, quick glances of childish panic; in too deep, not knowing what we got ourselves into. This whole thing, the essence of it, or perhaps when just written on paper—from my, or our, perspective at least—is playing out like a novel; A Greek tragedy of irony, worded like a novel; literature language, literature problems. And because of my level-headedness, this "sobering-up" of my usually depersonalized state—as in, situations that require such realization and such mental energy, that you lose your drunken state in an instant, in a "snapping-out" (of it? What is "it?")—had placed me in a direct confrontation with whatever sense I'm deriving from this, whatever feeling. And despite how sober I am, with the usual haze gone[1], I have no answer. It is as if that is the truth. For once, there is a lack of an answer, description, coherent thought, coherent feeling—a sense—not for the reason of being able to do so, but because there is truly no way to describe it. I'm in shock. It is absurd. Is my reaction, my feelings, of that absurd nature? I do not know. But it is so strong for once that it stops me in my tracks. 'A new beginning' in the most absurd way possible. An image of my running around, a scholar wannabe, pausing to soak in the fact that I'm learning such wonderful things, only to suddenly get a sick chill and sense of twisted "realization", questioning what I'm doing, why it's playing out like this, and why—God, why—is it so sick? So nauseating? I wish for anything to happen, I wish for the worst... Anything to disrupt whatever sick sense this is.

[1]Referencing a dense fog that had been covering Chicago, with no clearing, for a week. On this day, it was sunny again.

FEBRUARY 6 2024

Suddenly I realize that I really do hate headaches. I've gotten so used to managing them, and in recent times where they have shifted in pattern to hitting me in long yet less frequent flares, thus with the expectation that if it isn't a week full of debilitation, then I shall have no worries; that when they once again, as always, start to infringe when I truly don't expect it—but I should have this time, for reasons I shall soon mention—it is like a shock, both to my physical being as well as to my attention and psyche. I look up at the ceiling in an an act of showing my hard "thinking" as action, to show my mental exhaustion with a desire to reach further; a momentary break to study the ceiling's complexities because whatever discussion around me is apparently too simple and thus boring (I emphasize on showing and acting this out, not that I care too much for this thought to be true), then bam—suddenly, I see white. An ice pick is driven into my skull and I am reminded to humble myself for I am simply all mechanism with brain, with overactive brain, and no control over such a thing (over myself? Though, it feels to be a distinct concept; my other self who awaits in the distance in the form of my brain).

Though I do point out any greats who I knew suffered the same, or at least similarly (I am aware normal people do too, but my point is not serious... Let me relish for once!). Of course I have modern medicine, but at least theirs came on occasion and not as a constant state of being. It is as if I thought too hard as a small child and sparked something wrong inside of my head. Perhaps today, such a painless ache in its form of nausea, peskiness and inability to leave, was caused by this near 48 hour period of Kant (I had been reading closely for two days, essentially all day, but I had also dreamed of it! God!). Of course such a thing could. Nevermind any other realizations of the time, such as my early (too early) plunge into the post-structuralists; I am reading Kant and giving my all, as always, out of respect. But Kant! I am one to enjoy such organization and definitions. But Kant! God! (Kant, God?) What else is there to say? How many generations ago would I have been a farmer, a beekeeper? Not many! That is what I'll say.

FEBRUARY 10 2024

I picked up this notebook because I felt as if I should write, with no idea on what. No inner crises to spawn an idea, no relations. Everything I write is based on me, based on "self."

Ironically, against my sparse writings, I daydream of being an up-and-coming intellectual. Conversing with those older than me (presumably some group of other "thinkers" in which the intellectual world falls head over heels for, but who would these people even be?), I share my ideas while rubbing my temple, waving my hand around, in a debate, insistent that this is not much of a debate (both in situations where the fact is that we ultimately aren't dissimilar, as well as where the arguments are so unbearably idiotic that I cannot argue back), and alerting everyone, every few seconds, that "this" and "that" statement, or quip, was merely a joke; constantly editing myself in real-time, constantly speaking to an audience, like I am now.

I'm both young and old in such dreams. When I outright state an age, I say "twenty-two." Despite the impossibility of such things progressing so much in two mere years, years I will waste as I did so to the past ones (at least in the material world, situationally), I keep it close to my real age. I am desperate to relate to my "self", this me that is an extension of such a thing yet separated from the real "me." I suppose it is a way to fulfill such idiotic human desires. But I ask, are they idiotic to me? As for the average salary man who daydreams of conquering nations in ancient times, he still returns to his life. Of course his life contains unbearable mundaneness (we all have a form of this in some way), in this case his job, but he has his material world desires to return to. A wife and kids, his "quirky" neighborhood, the local bar in which he meets his past buddies. Love, grounded-ness, connections—Life! By whose definition? What can someone do who is devoid of such capability to love, connect, desire? This daydream of mine is far less fantastical than conquering Rome. Do you see what and where I'm saying? Where my lack of writing means here?

FEBRUARY 14 2024

To starving myself, to changing my entire being; to rewriting my personality, to studying new mechanisms, to constant, constant, *constant* analysis of others; to using them as objects of research, to using everyone as objects, to Kantian immorality! I will live this way and always have. To being given life, to being given supposed benefits from life; to being incapable of understanding life, living life (properly), reaping everything life has to offer. Like a disobedient child, what I am given I attempt to throw away. Realize connection, break it off; realize desire, condemn it all; realize life, attempt to die. Yet in all of this, I remain an obedient person. I follow the everyday situational acts thrown my way. Laws, rules, and expectations; relations, conversation, and this sort of "mingling"... What need is there to not follow? To break such superficial, base-line, normal ways, to prove what? To develop a rebellious nature? To feed into your desires for such life, always in this ideal: A rule to break rules is still a rule. I do not believe that is very free. I think it is "free" in the ordinary sense, the same way a secondary school student is free from responsibility and "real" life. If you break rules on the ground of breaking rules, is that not still at the expense of rules? Are you still not shackled to that in which you claim to be entirely separate, unaffected, and irrelevant by? To cut off further unravelings of this as well as encounters I do not care about, or will care to address—which shares the same reasoning as why I am cutting them off—I ask: is it important to "truly" be rebellious, break rules, and such? Here I quickly assert a reminder that what this rebellion is towards are the common situationals, those that do not really matter (If it were to form my full opinion on them).

I am truly rebelling on the fact that I was born unable to live life; rebelling against life, what it is to be human, and other such substantials. And it is true rebellion as there is no one like me in this regard, no one there to hype me up—hype *us* up, as that now denotes a sense of community. I am a rebel against all, and the proof for such a thing is in the fact of how "difficult" my life is (yet this word fails me as I do not necessarily mean "hard"). There is no one around me I'm fitting into in my rebellion, unlike those "rebels" who fit in via not fitting-in. And if I am wrong, then it is only in my connection

of this to human beings, as if we all live in the same world as one kind, as man, that fault can be found in. My experience is fact. Perhaps then, I am not human. I am still looking for proof of whether or not that is true. For now, I wish to live as such. See how far I get. Perhaps if I "become" in-human, then I will reach my true "self."

MARCH 2 2024

As I take a step back to view the overall picture, as I always do, I am astonished. Prior to this "falling-into" that inevitably happens, into spirals of believing I'm decades older than I actually am and that my life is effectively over, I confront the seriousness that I pour into my day-to-day actions. I realize how much I differ from others in what I'm doing, yet I cannot help but notice the merit within it. That is, "I'm onto something!," or that there is something there, something in all of this that—of course excluding when my mindset is clouded by delusion—is important enough to run with and showcase. There is nothing special now, but I'm doing something. These aren't just some eclectic studies in my free time either. So I find myself confronting all of this, and I think, "Wow, so you really want to do something with this, huh?" Instead of snapping out of a nauseating daydream, I feel more akin to Friedrich's subject, confronting this powerful sense of something next, of life, which is concealed by clouds, naturally, and not to my dismay. What helps ground this—and here is where I plead my case that I am not merely a delusional dreamer, at least regarding this specific instance—is that I entirely view and accept myself as a twenty year old college student throughout the whole thing. Not only that, but I'm not looking at a man, myself, standing on a cliff. Instead, I am the man. For once I'm looking out and seeing through my own viewpoint. What I see is powerful enough to crush me, and I can feel that weight strongly; at the same time, I can't shake off my sense of near excitement, of wonder, and of youthful ready-ness.

I feel ready to take on something. I enjoy my own position—which dif-

fers so strongly from my usual agony over my pathetic, lonely student ranking. I'm not in my head, I'm in my eyes now. Something like that.

APRIL 6 2024

I behave differently than what I "really" exist as; I don't mean the words I say, I speak just to iterate non-signifying signifiers. There is no real object I speak of, mean of, or gesture of, and my inner soul is at the same level as those nonexistent objects. A life-force exists somewhere inside of myself, not hidden, not suppressed, but instead so tiny, so insignificant and pathetically weak, that it barely surfaces or is noticed by my own bodily functions. All the while, it permeates my every action, every second of my waking life, and acts only to remind myself that I am supposedly alive and supposedly human.

I am supposed to be living.

Nothing expresses the accuracy of my entire life and being, all aspects, effects, causes, and history of myself, as that sentence does. I act to act, to keep on living, as all do. I push forward my life through action, as it is done. Yet this action is so unnatural, ingenuine, and utterly disordered that the general overview of such actions over time cannot—and otherwise if normal, would—be seen as living.

I do everything within my power for things to go right. I control and employ complex strategies for the sake of, what? Convenience? I don't want issue. I don't want problems arising... So I say. Yet when things are right, when things are smoothly operating and entirely convenient, I start erratically causing destruction. I suppose, when these things are set into such smooth motion, it is the same natural movement which life has—or as natural as life's movement, or at the very least, appearing as natural—and albeit initially controlled, these things that were once in my hands, were my creations, *for me* (not *to* but *for*, as in my possession), start to take on a life of their own.

The puppet lives. And at the realization of this new life and subsequent intimacies, passions, commitments, and close-ness, I push away, and I therefore attempt to abandon what I once saw as my own. Or perhaps, I act against it, as a way to cause distance from me to these "things." Now as its own life, I refuse to let go of my involvement and control. To avoid it taking the reins of *my* life, I change the course of our direction into one of conflict: if forward, now backwards. I want it to leave, to continue its own life separately, because of me, and to then remember my influence, my *control*. I not only take blame but I manufacture it. I cause others to find my responsibility in things they'd otherwise never consider my involvement in; things they wouldn't consider anyone's involvement in; things that lack a fault in the first place. I want things, for myself, as myself, but I cannot not fall to the draw of delusion; when you enter into this separate state with another, enjoying only that state and from within that state. I want entertainment, as if to enter a story, and not only is this hunger a vice, but I cannot ever let go of my credit as the author, the creator. Due to my desire for convenience coupled with my lack of experience, I make for the most boring stories. My hunger, then, is never satisfied. The futility of this all lies in that if I give up my role as this manipulator or constructor, then I face my life-force and my life-force only, of nothingness and futility in and of itself.

APRIL 6 2024 — ON ANOTHER NOTE.

Recently I've found myself coming into being closer and closer to the character of the writer, to my dismay. I pause my studies to daydream about pursuing them and the various fantastical situations that involve such a thing, and then I put them all down; I put both my books and dreams down and ask: What, am I trying to become? Don't be ridiculous! Yet ridiculous is what I am. I look around in 'theory' classes when I remember which degree program I'm actually part of, as if infiltrating that space, or moreso, as if I'm a child allowed to join, innocently and ignorantly, and allowed to believe in

this delusional dream. Bring your student to the intellectual academic realm day. Yet this talk is not to be self-deprecating. I am right to dismiss acting as if I am seeking to be as great as the author one is reading, not only because it isn't right to think that way, but—and here I put the debate around the treatment of the author away, deliberately—that way, of trying to be some philosopher, theorist, historian, and of the like, isn't even true. Simply put, I am not trying to do that.

However, where does this thought then go? I can push it forward and say: Yes, let's pack it up! Let's end this festival of delusions and return to what we should be doing. Now, it must be pointed out how ridiculous of a claim this is, prior to even pointing out the initial discomfort when making such a statement. What "we should be doing" is just as ridiculous. That is, trying to be some artist; *seriously* trying to be an artist, studying to be one. This realization of ridiculousness is not what proves the statement wrong, however. It merely points to something being wrong somewhere. The next indication is actually the answer—it is interesting how the realization, existing seemingly in the state of an answer, is actually an indication, and the indication, as indication in its state, is the answer. The fact of the matter is that I take my studies so seriously. I care so deeply about gaining knowledge, knowing texts, and learning the various contexts and histories within the field; all of this knowledge as existing *for something,* for some use. And it is not to use them for art, turning their significance into "merely" for art, merely for the thing I do, the thing I "just" do. This seriousness is proof that I will not, and that I do not want to, and therefore that it doesn't make sense to just "pack it all up." If I wanted to be in the academic realm, as theorist, as professor, eventually, I simply would go into that field of study and join the process to become those things, at least in dreamt goal. Instead, I want to write freely, whether it's nearly the same as those academics and their essays. or if it is just writings, stories, and various forms of text, as poetic, as stoic, as rambling, as incoherent, as plainly, simply, boring and mundane as they need to be. In my daydreams, nothing stops me in my tracks, nothing feels genuine, breaking out of delusion and merging-into, consoling my soul, affirming my beliefs, until I come across myself being labeled, questioningly, as a writer. I sheepishly affirm the label by growing timid and clearly affected. Only doubt re-

mains, but only because what it doubts, this desire for 'writer,' is something so serious. And because it is so serious—or perhaps more like 'genuine'—I have now grown shy.

APRIL 15 2024

I confront the fact that I am human and crumble; the separation between mind and body, between this pure, disinterested mind and body with soul, between what I treat as a transcended mind, a consciousness, entirely conscious, that is 'me' in complete form, and what is "mere" and what is mistakenly ascribed to me, this body that is all too human, all too animalistic, natural, real and human; such a separation is what crumbles, and I fall onto myself, inside of myself. My mind's perspective is brought back down to the finite earth in which the body, *my* body now, stands on. I despair and beg for this separation to be maintained—as "if" my livelihood depends on it? No, exactly because my livelihood as I knew it, as I created it, as transcended mind, as not belonging to the earthly world, as *needing* to live higher, separately, depended upon it. Yet at the same time, simultaneously, this breaking down of the great separation, this end of delusion and momentary beginning of a real, human life, is exactly what I've been begging for. My futility as non-human as human, as defunct human, as incorrect human, stems from this inability to exist as one solidified being, yet simultaneously is why I remain separated in the first place. I am not human, as non-human, as incorrect, and so I despair. Yet days continue to pass on and I recognize, quicker each time, that I still exist in this so-called reality filled with real humans and real life. I continue to participate; now I am fake human, acting human, and deceiving human (a deceiving *human* as in a deceiving *being*, as well as *deceiving* human as in *a being deceiving other humans*). I get caught up in the pace of such a life and enter into a delusion. Soon, eventually, in its highly developed state (as all realms do), this delusion turns in on itself and achieves self-consciousness; now I live as deceiving, *non*, fake, *I live as delusion*, and my focus becomes

relishing in the very fact of deceiving and deluding, as well as—or perhaps, therefore—maintaining the livelihood of such delusion.

Yet in my existence as non-human, as deluding-human, and the myriad of synonymous classifications, what remains is that I am still *human*, albeit *non*, albeit *deluding*. Afterall, my futility-into-delusion comes from the very fact of myself as human, albeit—and exactly because—as a failed human. Perhaps I had wanted nothing more than to be correctly human, although this desire, if existent in the first place, would occur at the exact peak of clouded delusion, so I do not know. What I do know—and all I *can* know, *à la cogito*—is that after all delusional needs, obstructions, victories, and supposed desires are cast aside, are swept away—or more so, gradually drift away—once I feel as close to bridging my internal, eternal gap, as the separation gently approaches itself, as I reach a state of purity, and as I feel, in my own way, human—human *enough*, human albeit incorrectly, albeit impartial, *my* 'human'—all that remains is my desire to die, to be gone once and for all, finally. This too crashes in on itself, it is in the same manner as human realization, as the separation crumbling. Perhaps it is the same, or at the very least stems from the same causes and effects. I revel in my 'non' to celebrate the difference, to heighten the difference; I go against the body, I only train the mind; I pause eating and sleeping, all as attempts to transcend the body that I treat as an inconvenience, as a leech that shouldn't be mine. This body is the representational object of 'human,' so therefore I am attempting to rid of, to run away from, the body, the 'human' that is part of me, that, as I will discover later on, is me. Perhaps I run away nearly in fear, fearing the connection of conscious self to the body, of myself to *I as human*, which results in the final, true desire revealing itself: to end this all anyway, to end this all *something*. I bitter-sweetly feel embraced by this genuinity surfacing and by this (finally) connecting of the self to the body, as on the other hand, such a connection is what I've lived claiming I do not want; it is what results in such a despairing fact. I live as *non*-human, embracing the non-human in my failure to be human and the detriments on my life it has caused. That human has abandoned me so I will abandon it as well. In this running away and running into delusion, I live the incorrectly non-human life and confront all of its problems until I inevitably wish for correctness, therefore wish for human, when,

eventually, I achieve such a state, and the truth opens up to me and abandons me just like in the start.

I want to be human but I want to "really" exist and actualize being non-human. I want to seek truth, but the truth is the end to everything. I want to be human to feel, but when I am, and when such great despair falls onto me, I cannot feel. I want to be human to desire, as desires seem the way of human life, but when I am, my only desire is for such a life to end. I want to be non-human because my life as human is futile. I want to be human because my life as non-human is futile. The cause is also the end, the start is the eventual development, and the two different states of being start to look more like one.

It is as if watching the world fall, yet unable to feel saddened, despaired, or fearful about it. Yet to turn around, to do the opposite, and to instead celebrate that fall is impossible, because despite how alluring that attitude seems, it is *your* world that is falling, all of your things and places. It is not a question of "how could you?" that is stopping the truth, but a matter of "you can't."

APRIL 25 2024

There isn't a word more detrimental to my state, more unknowingly charged and heavy, than the word 'writer'—and that supposed triviality, tricking others as well as my past self, making such a thing seem entirely neutral, entirely agreeable, and entirely ignorable, makes it all the worse! My soul plunges forward at the sound of it, and I feel neither a cold nor warm jolt of shock throughout my entire being when having come across it. And—which I hate to admit (despite previous accounts of myself supposedly wanting this)—something erupts within, something blooming against my wishes, something moving when it shouldn't do so. My breath catches on this, or by it, and this entire bud of *something* tinges and pulses. My mind, observing this, plummets underneath a dark, clouded mass overhead. My wishes, wher-

ever located, forget any previous desire to maintain order; once it sees this bud, the need for everything static (in nature and in action) to stay that way, for nothing to move or erupt, for nothing to change—due to desire's lack of consciousness and tendency for amnesia—latches onto this blossoming and pulls me forward. My mind is astonished at what it is seeing, at its lack of control not just in one regard or field, but in multiple; I remember that this body is not controlled solely by the conscious brain but instead has its own organs in its own, separate locations; my mind surrenders to the soul.

"I wonder if I've grown to despise my (assumed) future title," is what I had thought, but I do not wish to write it, as it isn't important enough for its truth to be investigated; Yet, its existence still needed to have been signified, perhaps to show the fact that I had thought otherwise, that I had found a more important thing to say, and to not focus the attention on the *saying* but instead on the *finding*. To get my point across, I will give an account of a typical case within my school. The student studies what they 'love,' and through studying, by way of 'getting serious,' killed something in that method and action of 'loving,' and now they despair. Another case: the student studies what they 'live,' and through studying it, by way of committing oneself, they are content. I hope the emphasis on the connection of 'love' to 'live' comes through, as that is the most important feature here. The first student loved art, loved making art, and that love entailed a sense of freedom. Art was fun; there was little effort insofar as effort is an over-expense of energy; they hadn't confronted a 'must' in their previous experiences. When studying, when 'taking serious,' they found 'art' to be now stuck within assignments, within regulations and rules. Art was 'work' for the first time to them. Now, it became 'work' first, 'art' second, and their innocent bliss of freely making what was found to be fun—which caused all benefits to be reaped from an entirely, purely free source, free of effort, free of wasting, free of commitment—was killed. 'Chore' by way of association with 'work' was now applied to 'art,' and so to this free child was its death.

The second student, like the first, enjoys making art and always has. Yet to them—and they won't realize this until taking an external perspective—art is not *what* is loved, it is 'life' itself; it isn't a separate object existing differently from other activities and qualities of life, and this happens through an

upbringing of, and subsequent allowance for, making art, as well as an inseparable connection of the self to life. I hope that this lack of separation, these features flowing so naturally, showcases the sense of 'not thinking about it' the person comes with (or is blessed with, for some perspectives). They love art, yes, but what's more significant is the fact that they *live* art so much so that this 'living' makes 'loving,' as a consistent feature, entirely obvious and therefore insignificant. Thus, unlike the first student, when faced with school assignments on art, containing art, there arises no issue to them. Here my usage of "them" necessarily is one of a conscious person; there is no issue brought to their awareness, but there is an issue others can see, yet only affects them. In practice, these issues cause nothing wrong, they amount to nothing. In reality, what arises is the possibility for something else having been killed off. This student is unaware and remains ignorant. Typically, what constituted their ability to not view art as a separate, different thing (all the reasons of being allowed to do all this, to live like this) is also what constituted an upbringing of having their art skills improved and cultivated, and so in terms of their artistic production, they are doing fine. What also helps is that oftentimes what cultivated the aforementioned experiences will also allow for them to do fine later. The second student is often in a more privileged position than the first. It can also be seen that the overall significant difference is that the first student had to confront reality while the second has not. It must not be assumed that the difference between reality and fantasy (entailing all usual associations with the two concepts) is the same between the two cases. The first case is more typical, more usual, and so is their difference between fantasy and reality. The second's fantasy is reality and their reality is fantasy—the second part stays hidden to most; necessarily, it is hidden to them. To the more typical, it is hidden because surely living a reality is a reality (they do not know one's reality could be fantasy, or vice versa). It also seems, in more specifics, that those with a better relationship to art and the ability to become (or having already become) an artist tend to not see this fantasy as anything of significance (they had entered fantasy, perhaps), but this isn't a point important enough to be elaborated on.

Therefore, it can be assumed that there is a third type (in general, not of a 'student' necessarily) who has always had to confront reality and has never

lived in fantasy—has never been *allowed* fantasy—in its typical definition. When applying all this 'confronting' and talk of 'fantasy,' it can be seen like this:

The first student, prior to becoming 'student,' was allowed the fantasy of art while necessarily confronting art's distinction as fantasy and not reality. As a student, they had to treat art like reality; the 'fantasy' of art had to be killed, and so they despaired. The second student, prior to becoming 'student,' was allowed the fantasy of art and never had to confront its distinction, and likely never confronted much realities at all. Because they had always been in fantasy, as a student, they never had to treat art like reality because they don't even know what reality is; the fantasy of art lives on, the reality of art remains dead, and so they are content. The third person was never allowed the fantasy of art, and likely never was allowed any fantasy at all. What entails if they become a student of art relates to the fact that, similarly to both students, there is a sense of ignorance in the past life; in this case, an ignorance on fantasy. Similar to the first, when confronting what they hadn't been living (in the first: reality of art; in the third: fantasy of art), they despair. The third, now student, confronts the existence of those who had been allowed art as fantasy and allowed such bliss. However, like the second in their constant fantasy, their current state of not-fantasy, and of despair from this, is constant and eternal. There is despair, but the despair is indifferent. After all, as a student, their life is just a continuation of living reality (like the second's continuation of living fantasy). The question then is if there is despair over this constant, indifferent despair. Ironically, the hopeful answer is that despairing over something, at least in this case, necessitates awareness. If not, then I'm not sure how one could live in a constant despair and keep living (the "keep" is the important part of this sentence)—one must imagine them aware or else they'd be dead (and why that is ties in with what I am making reference to, now alluding to the opening chapter's topic).

Whether or not I find my placement in the third option of existence cannot be answered (not for any logical reason, but out of avoiding embarrassment from being associated with what I don't want to be associated with) until I clarify that by the aforementioned concept of 'allowance.' I do not necessarily mean control under another being a role of dominance. Not be-

ing allowed fantasy could be due to parental involvement, or economic barriers, but it also can be from the self; from an inability to engage with fantasy at all and for whatever reason. What is important in the comparison is the fact that 'allow' constitutes the fact of not being able to do or have something; it is impossible for it to be any other way. What is important in my case, the case of myself, to you, the audience, is that I am the latter instance of what 'allow' entails. Therefore, the question of where I am placed is answered. On the question of why I opened with the topic of 'writer,' of what it means to be mentioned by myself, by being written, I hope it is one whose meaning can be assumed. Not because there is one answer I wish for the reader (whether person, whether just this notebook) to figure out, but because I know the general meaning in form of an answer, and I simply don't wish for others to hold a mistaken meaning in form of an answer; and because written text is so often misinterpreted, and this topic for whatever reason has turned sensitive to myself (to my mind's dismay), I won't write it. I'll allude, and I'll allow the allusion (in form of allusion and not concrete answer) to be interpreted and have any meaning conjured up for it, so long as that meaning isn't mistaken as being in the form of *the* answer.

APRIL 28 2024

How long to live like this? I gaze out, not moving, not thinking; I'm waiting, waiting for a sensation to arise and to then observe, as if an answer is expected to come along. Thinking is digging, is positive, additive, and building. Feeling is pure and internal, accessed when 'in-tune,' unable to be dug for, for its location is where? And so I gaze out, not absentmindedly, but like a prisoner escaping, alert for any danger, or like an investigator watching for any sudden movements. Like someone caught up in their own meaninglessly brutal business and finally taking a step-back, a question akin to "what am I doing?" arises, although I already have an answer for what I am doing as well as what I should do next—In fact, I am always existing one-step-back from

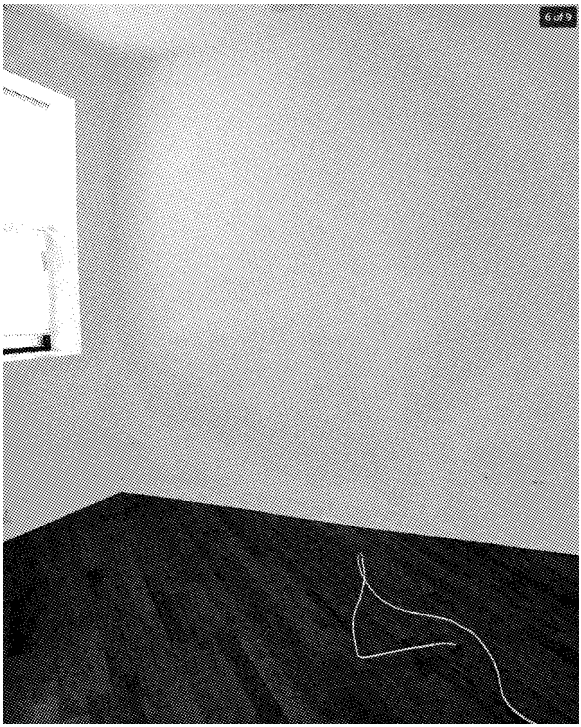
everything. If this step back is the issue, it isn't the one direct cause. There is not emptiness because I am stepped-back (out-of-tune). Instead, perhaps, because whatever exists as my 'in' the world form (the person interacting with others, the person 'in the moment') has been left alone, stepped-back from, yet deceitfully developed as its own human fake-human. Therefore, there is nothing to be actually found within it, so when I even step-in, I find nothing; I step into nothingness. However, at the same time, this stepping-back was and still continues to be a reaction to the fact that I cannot live within life, that I was already empty nothingness and therefore always at odds with living. So while a sort of 'cause,' it isn't simple or direct in one immediate step or direction.

Unable to enjoy anything for the most part, I look back and reflect, checking the universality of my claim. Yet, what I'm met with is a closed door in the form of forgetting, and while unlocked, what's inside is pure ignorance. Did I enjoy things as a child, or was I unaware of what exactly 'enjoying' was supposed to be like? The latter is true, but it doesn't cancel the former, it just dissolves the possibility for the former being entirely and certainly truthful or not, necessarily.

For whatever reason, though delusion, in reality, or neither, I am miserable. Even aside from misery as a state occurring inside, I appear miserable externally. I am always alone in places where I shouldn't be, I can never showcase excitement, and regardless of how well or long I can act, I will never stop coming across as strange, not in the elusive, eccentric way, but in the miserable character of a lame person.

UNDATED JANUARY 2024

'I had always felt it was easier to *be* loved, rather than *to* love'; I used to be asked prompt-like questions of that nature. But what I had meant is that the one being 'loved' wasn't me. Because it wouldn't work otherwise, just like with my . I think that is why I act fake all the time.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LÄGENHET

JULY 8 2025

I have not written in quite a while, and the past entries have been fluctuating between writing in an earnest and genuine manner and writing complete nonsense. However, looking back, I am not sure how true that is. I recall—I haven't even gone back to read the past entries yet—much dramatic nonsense at the same time of claiming 'I cannot get into pseudo...' What on earth was procuring such a combination, was it the great presence of people? Regardless, what *is* true is some fluctuation of sort, one of the mind, as I recall myself in moments: head against the wall, suffocating in difference, marching back from the pub, laughing at the pub, begging for a cigarette that was already pushed into my hand, the rain, the wetness, begging for salvation in the church, kneeling, praying, laying down in bed, praying, starting to see things, distorting, a loop of horror starting its rotation when laying down flat—I had bitten the tail. The dark, nighttime clouds that had formed in me one night a great fear and paranoia returned for the finals days in that house, and I'd lay there, mildly intoxicated, staring out into the pitch-black room, not minding someone sleeping about three feet away, and almost smile in a panic, smiling because 'I think I'm going mad' finally hit with some sense of truth, and thus fear.

Nevertheless, on July 1st I moved into my new and first apartment. It's up in Rogers Park, which is a phrase that rolls off of the tongue well, and is a humble flat in an older block—I failed to find any historical permits, but it's certainly from the 20's. Quite often I find myself engineering solutions to minor, random things around the flat with duct tape, although this is nothing special to me. In fact, much of the place reminds me of my first home, despite the gap in decades as well as distance (though if we talk of 'distance' in another manner, the distance from neighborhood to downtown, then it is quite close to being the same). The kitchen is nearly identical in style, if not, and the size of each room compares as well. The way in which the brick maintains any coolness it had managed to trap overnight, the quietness, the shade from the trees, the birds in the morning, the owls at extremely random hours... Any difference that does exist is one which brings me great joy, not for being "better" or "nicer", but for feeling like *it fits*, it fits my means, it fits

me. And perhaps it is slightly problematic as in recent years I'd been living a cushier life, but in all the 'quirks', which really are negatives, I feel nothing but more at home. A home that stands its ground as the anti-cushy home, the anti-home, and for one who dreams wild dreams of running away from just about anything, that is the ultimate home.

It's the underground, the dungeon I mean. What I call the 'dungeon' is the back door entrance to the apartment: a black iron gate with nothing visible behind it but a dark brick wall and passageway, the smell of trash as you pass through, the flies, the wetness, dodging this and that corner, going past the first stairwell, suddenly basking in open sunlight for a few strides, seeing the shared fence with the neighboring building, until one slips back into the dark and wet passage, going down a step, only to immediately go up one after a sharp pivot turn, spinning in the spiral staircase that is dark in the day and bright at night, until you are greeted with an ashtray made out of a tin can and an old plate, and a worn-down wooden storm door protecting the equally worn-down front door with only the faintest, rustiest indication of the unit: 1W. The ashtray is not mine. And every time I come back home to the anti-house, I turn up the stairs in such delight. Validated in the dungeon, in the booby-trap spikes in the bathroom window, even in the battles I fight against the 100 year old windows, it is like looking in the mirror for the first time in one's life with recognition that what peers back is a being of understanding.

But as much delight as I can experience in the dungeon, I otherwise have felt nothing, not even something as light as an opinion. I have almost no tolerance for anything anymore but total silence, which is granted to me by this flat, but leaves me standing around, waiting; waiting because I expected myself in this silence to eventually be faced with a view of myself so dire that I would be unable to do anything but crumble in shame and sadness, or perhaps fall into a state of shock, wondering what I had gotten myself into. In whichever way, it is a reaction like staring into a dark, wet cave ahead, entirely empty, and you both confront the fact that everything you've done prior to this moment has led you here, and that 'here' is what is ahead, and what is ahead is your foreseeable future. But I do nothing of the sort, nor do I experience any sort of ecstasy at being almost entirely alone and therefore

free, nor do I even experience any awkwardness at being alone. I do not construct grand ideas of what freedom is like, only to totally blunder the opportunity and submit to my shyness as I quietly walk down the alleyways, only responding to sudden comments with a 'yes' and a laugh as I already start to walk away. I mean I *do* do these things, but there is no difference in grandness to awkwardness, no transition. I walk so I walk. And when I do construct grand ideas, talking out loud for once, for practice maybe, about future statuses in the face of one mere interview offer, only to end up faking miserably, I do not experience any embarrassment or shame, no shock or regret. Even the machine-like operations of a rational nature which holds hands with the physical, e.g. panic or anxiousness when something goes wrong, are lacking now. There is nothing happening inside. All that is there is a pure mental voice, coming from God knows where, some place so distance, that despite it being my voice—quite literally I am talking about my consciousness here—it comes across more like a distant cousin, like I'm looking at myself from the past, the meek, shameful variant of myself, pleading *something*, something like 'shouldn't we be in shock about this? I will wait to be in shock.' And it sits and waits but I walk on, apparently. And this absentminded is so new, that all I can think about is produced by this cousin, saying 'I'm surprised that I'm not surprised.

JULY 29 2025

A childish bedroom, a childish ceiling; the warm glow from lights outside. The bunny (rabbit?) that lives in the courtyard. I have a sweater in a ziplock bag in the freezer. I'm pointing, pointing because I have no words, not as I have no thoughts, but as I realize how words which do not stem from the soul carry a dead weight all too familiar to me. Like an icebox for a mind. Far too sanitary. Really, I surprise myself because in naming various things, I thought I'd go on for longer, reaching a sort of naive 'I-thought-this-was-poetic' poeticism of pointing at various signs and assuming the listeners knew

the meanings: sad, happy, bittersweet! It makes me sick to my stomach, that assumption of assumption which occurs so frequently, even if I too fall into the habit of pointing with my own hand from time to time.

AUGUST 13 2025

I very often wish to have experienced a past time, not necessarily directly, but more in the way of finding myself longing for a particular fad or routine or indirect convention—a convention that doesn't get treated like one, or we wouldn't think of as one—or perhaps feeling as if I've missed out, as if I've come late to the party, which to no surprise, as this is common to others as well, at least I assume it is, is usually regarding the arts, or perhaps I pick up or am biased towards or understand better an "old" or "outdated" way of, say, language, not in a language convention way, as in, say, when a term with certain meanings or implications is no longer appropriate—no, I mean something as simple as a metaphor, I mean a very simple, unassuming aspect of language and communication. I say 'not directly' because this wish presents itself on either less tangible objects, such as the examples outlined already, or a less tangible way, as in, I do not wish à la 'the grass is always greener', instead I "wish" by perhaps, for instance, continuously holding interests in older media or topics despite—this is important—my very best efforts to participate in my own time and mingle with what we deem 'contemporary,' admittedly, however, while my efforts in this are to my best, they may or may not be, as in it may be both options or either depending on the specific time or circumstance, not very true, not very genuine efforts, I mean. And this repeating circumstance, of preferring the older thing, has been so viciously repetitive and permeating every sector of my life, at least in parts that have to do with experiencing and processing, I have more or less accepted it as its overall theme, almost like a plot, that I use this plot as a guideline to predict what's next, and what is next is another moment of taste, taste as in appetite, for the old. However, in moments like this, like today, like of many days,

actually, which therefore mean the moments occur quite often, yet, funnily enough, or I suppose it would be unsurprisingly, and therefore *not* funny—I realize I would be fundamentally incapable of living in a time without noise cancelling headphone technology.

SEPTEMBER 22 2025

In the museum cafe again—it always comes to this. There is loud cackling to my left and just about everyone looks frightening. A sickening time, really. Isolation is less fun when you must do things, when you must go to places with people in it and do people things. I toss and turn each night having strange dreams about work, getting fired, going to work, my future, getting fired in my future, and I wake up each morning in the dark, wrapped up in my fallen curtains to the sound of the downstairs neighbor cackling and yelling, suddenly swearing, angrily: "You fucker! You fucking stupid!" He says that line a lot. It's our routine. His cackle is more like a flamboyant yelping, actually. So I hate the man in the basement unit; that's our thing now. I just don't understand how you have someone to talk to on the phone at 12:00 AM as well as 5:00 AM.

It's cold here. It hasn't warmed up as much as I thought it would outside, but I suppose the hottest time of the day now comes after noon. My coffee was barely warm, and there's two men in extravagant suits way too close to me, standing by my chair, teetering back and forth in some sort of discussion. I'm wearing all black, I look like a waiter. Almost no one ever pays me any mind here, and I'm often bumped into or cut in line or expected to move out of the way or expected to clean up after someone, and I attribute this to my server-like sensibilities. I've never worked as one, so perhaps I mean that I'm naturally in the position to smile and bow and twitch my eyebrow nervously, forever and always. Now someone has sat at my table, but she's the sort of lady so typical here that I do not mind her presence for the most part. That's a lie, I do mind, especially today. I am not equipped with my usual hedgehog

spikes for brooding in public and deluding myself into a sort of revolutionary role, and I'm not sure when I lost them. Every comment I heard today was someone's projection, which hurts my head already, but it was in their content that the true evil existed. The fault of being a projection was pointed out each time at least, but with every 'because everyone does...' or 'everyone can remember when...' statement, there was a sort of enormous nail being slowly drilled into me, a nail formed elsewhere, outside of the classroom, one that had already broken through my first wall of logic which had been in shambles for quite some time, beaten to the ground after so much bowing. Each illogical situation and each nonsensical remark of the past few weeks have been enough to nearly make me burst out in a yelling match against a figure as real as my imagined audience. The issue: I fear I have nothing left within me to 'clear things up once and for all', to fix all the nonsense in a motion similar to running your arms through a cobweb. I'm essentially just sitting on the ground and watching the spiders do all of the work. I'm almost jealous of their productivity.

I've been thinking a lot about psychiatrists and the fantastical, distant role they have in the routine and operation of psychological healthcare. Everytime I enter a place, like an apothecary, where I think 'I wish I could participate here', like buying things at the apothecary, I think with a tinge of subtle pain about how I might have liked to live a life where I became a psychiatrist because they make whatever salary psychiatrists make. What matters is that it's a salary. The issue: In that timeline, I would have been a psychology degree holder refusing to work as a therapist out of a religious-like zeal for theorizing. No matter what, the most realistic outcomes for me have always been the most jobless, unemployable affairs. It all relates back to how frequently I call myself a madman. Because I am not only mad but stupid, and by stupid I mean insufferable, in that all that ever interested me were un-job-like jobs which really are just perpetual forms of 'studying'. I remember explaining to my mother, sitting in the passenger seat down a highway, how math is more than just adding and subtracting *things*, trying to convince her of the validity of studying math, of "furthering" math. I was all passionate and flushed in the face over the study of math. Yet aren't I the one who recoils at those who speak of "furthering technology", who speak in the same frivolous tone?

Maybe it's because I recognize the schizophrenia of mathematics; furthering a delusion as a delusion by way of delusional means is sensible, while furthering a delusion as if it is real is just madness—Normative madness? The madness of normal people, of white socks pulled over leggings, of sun-tanned bodies fresh out of a yoga course, of slim-fit tapered business pants, a shiny shirt, and no tie! I'm nauseous again.

That's why I cannot eat in a restaurant, and why I sit so strangely on the train. I'm never comfortable unless my legs are propped up and bent and contorted and my face faces a direction away from all the people-heads towards something else, like a window, or resting against a control box. At the same time, I'm often so shy that I do not budge until somewhere like Bryn Mawr, even though the nearby seats, at least in the car and area I usually choose, would have been emptied out since Addison. I'm throwing out names, you see. It's all connected, I just lost track of which clauses were the reasons and which were the effects.

OCTOBER 7 2025

I've been doing so much 'looking', so much so that I could throw up. After an entire day of consuming images, I can always tell when I've reached my limit and entered a sort of state where my eyeballs feel full and about to burst, the fullness makes them quiver and shake and so my vision gets quite poor. In an ironic and desperate move, this only causes me to search for more and more images, to try to find the clarity I once had a few days prior.

I am sitting on my floor with my knee shoved under my chin and can feel my neck pressing against my leg so that I'm ever so slightly choking. There's too many images. I forgot about words, that one can read words and consume bound word-holders. The Public Library. But I need to paint, I need to look at my paintings; I finish painting for the day and when I wake up, either from my slumber or from my break of pondering in silence without any

thoughts, I rise in a dehydrated state, and my first sensation that comes about is a sharp and intense hunger for looking: I need to look at my own painting, I cannot wait to look at my own image. It gives a sort of satisfaction, part of an operation not found in many other instances.

Too many images, I forget about the existence of image-holders. There is a sort of exercise I sometimes do where I look beyond the central circle of my vision that my attention is always glued to, and I instead scan the edges, making my eyeballs roll around and around, like the stretching and rolling of one's shoulders. Suddenly, the 'world opens up.' I see that I've been staring at a false image created in the center of my vision, and I see that things indeed exist around walls, corners, openings, spaces. The Gallery Walls, sure. But of the ceiling? How often does one look upwards? I am often staring at the ground, but at night I like to crane my neck upwards in order to see the few stars of the sky. The back of my head touches my body, my throat presses against my neck, I am once again choking. It's weird, because I thought the city wouldn't have any stars based on what everyone says. Why did I see none before, then, outside of the city? Sometimes I worry that the stars are of my own imagination. But if so, what difference does it make? To see pretty images and dots and sources of light, even if it's made up, even if I know that 'real to me' means nothing at all. Perhaps I am a proponent of hallucinating, although I do not want to make any statements regarding that topic at the moment. I do not know. I've just been looking for quite some time and consuming and eating and selecting and worrying so much about the perfect image-meals that, as I hope I've illustrated through these words, something was caused. 'Something'. I sigh and feel sleepy. My head tilts to the side a little bit so that my neck can rest. It's not too much looking, it's too much concern. Everyone around me, always looking, always entranced and immersed in delusional auditory and visual image machinery. Those things haunt me, they're ruining the reputation of image. No concern, no thoughts from that direction. So my looking is fine, I just get so tired of coming up with words. That's what. I haven't thought things in a long time. I only think *about* things, but the thinking takes a form more of catatonic staring. I hope I've illustrated; end of sentence, because I don't feel like sitting on the floor anymore.

JANUARY 4 2024 — ON ANOTHER TOPIC. AFTER

Perhaps my artistic activities are self-expression after all. That is, I express my logical ideas, and my mental "senses" (abstracted feelings, not of emotion, but of sensory feeling, of images I "see", of images and senses that get constructed in my head as pure idea, purely abstractly) in my art. I will also extend "art" past its visual mode, which in fairness is typically what I refer to when I speak on art, at least in regards to my art and me as an artist. Thus extending it to my writings and philosophical musings as well. By artist, I don't mean one who just creates art, but one of an artistic disposition. This includes scholars, I believe, though not of the scientific kind.

I pause to mention that someone had set their drinks on the booth table next to me. And while I started up my writing, with my notebooks sprawled across my table, and while the girl's partner walk-

-ed away, she spotted a different open table by the windows and thus picked up their drinks and moved over there. Which I find amusing for whatever reason.

Essentially—and I take this idea from today's readings on
—if my taking up of art is a way to express myself, and therefore fulfill the innate human requirement of expression, without actual social interaction or connection, then therefore I must be the greatest most artistic artist known to man. I mention this because I fundamentally feel non-artist. I feel unable to be a real "true" artist due to my inability to express, or more so the fact that there is nothing to express in the first place. I don't even disagree with this conclusion. Sure, I do believe that those around me over-emphasize the requirement emotional expression, regardless of what they claim. But at the end of the day, I can't disagree with the notion that I'm not an artist. There is a

fundamental emptiness to my work, that is my visual art, which derives from my own fundamental emptiness, in self. And in my philosophical musings, they ironically become too personal, therefore becoming disorganized. Not that I care too much about that fact, as I never set out to be some scholar nor writer of any sort.

My point is that I believe in the findings that such types—and for simplicity's sake, or for the sake of the argument,

—are prone

to the arts or intellects, science excluded, because it is a way of self-expression without contact. So therefore I should find myself to be an artist. And I do. I sit here in the corner of the art museum's member cafe (not that there is significance in the museum membership. I actually have a gripe with it, but that's another topic...) constantly refilling my complimentary drinks like a child, fumbling the cup and platter, passing by among the majority upper-class, dignified, elderly environment. I read, I write, I think and stare. I stare and muse in such noticeable ways in complete freedom, both due to the disconnect I feel, in that I'm different and separated from everyone else, but also due to the surprising fact that I do not care if I am seen as strange, in fact, I miss being seen as an eccentric. I get up to take a piss from now and then, and I only become my sheepish self in the bathroom. I roam as if I do not have a home to go back to. Not a physical home that is, as in that case then such roaming would be of the rebellious, daring, and more physical kind. No, it is as if it is a philosophical kind. I have physical places to go back to. There is a house, and I have a dormitory, a school and a museum. I pay for none. I am a leech. And I grasp such freedom gratefully, but not as if I earned it nor as something I need to pay back later. I am expected, when these four years of childish fun and freedom are over, to return to family and lock myself up again. They don't know this artistic life I am currently living is my ideal and my goal for the foreseeable future. My home, in a meaningful sense of the word, is fake and never was real. My roaming is fake as I always return, and I'm never so daring in it. But it's real in

third-person
first-person
wiki style
I will write this bio later..

third-person
first-person
wiki style
Someone will write this bio later.

what it accomplishes, that is, fulfilling my meaninglessness and directionlessness of life, while still holding enough life force, which contains some vague and faded sense of direction, to prevent me from falling into the facade world that is real life, full of mainstream entertainment, activities, "fun", and more that is called normalcy. Regardless of what I'm drawing or writing, and regardless of which one I take seriously or not, I both exist in the world while refusing to participate in it. I hold such an ideal for a lifestyle that is so unconventional, outwardly and externally, it would need to be judged as must be deriving from such passion that ordinary non-artists cannot understand.

The joke of this matter is that I feel no passion and no desire. I lost my point in this writing and feel dizzy. I'm unsure why or what I'm claiming to be bringing up as a joke, though I do find *something* funny. I am a comedian to myself and only myself. I would be horribly unfunny to others. In fact, maybe I'd be judged as deranged. I am at the age where schizophrenia is often developed. You can see my age. Maybe I want to be deranged. It's something to do, and finally something without a suffocating level of self-awareness and self-consciousness.

Perhaps my ideal is to be an isolated artist. Once I develop a stable enough ground, once I am known, I can showcase my true self. Rambling in my thoughts and musings as if establishing myself as a thinker. And then at some point, the trust that I am a thinker becomes deluded. Instead, people realize that I'm possibly mad. Though such action of "realization" is false, as I was neither the whole time, that is, whether mad or a trusted thinker. Perpetually I am nothing.

I am seriously dizzy now. I talk in my head of wanting to be crazed, for the enjoyment of it, for the "in the moment" of it, but when I experience an ounce of craze when I'm out and about, instead I need to flee! I'm sure when I return, I will just feel a dreading sense of Nausea.

JANUARY 18 2024

Is reading about “ ”, yet of course only focusing on one—pathetically I will take notes on everything, like a diligent student, as an attempt to convince myself that I simply am interested in the overall subject, and not this specific one—a way for me to research myself through substituting myself with the ’s case, qualities, and character? Well, I ask that, but I think it is. Yet now that I admit that, albeit indirectly as I haven’t even said much outright, I don’t really care nor think anything.

This is really just a reiterance; in fact, there were multiple entries of this exact nature, style, and sometimes even subject manner.

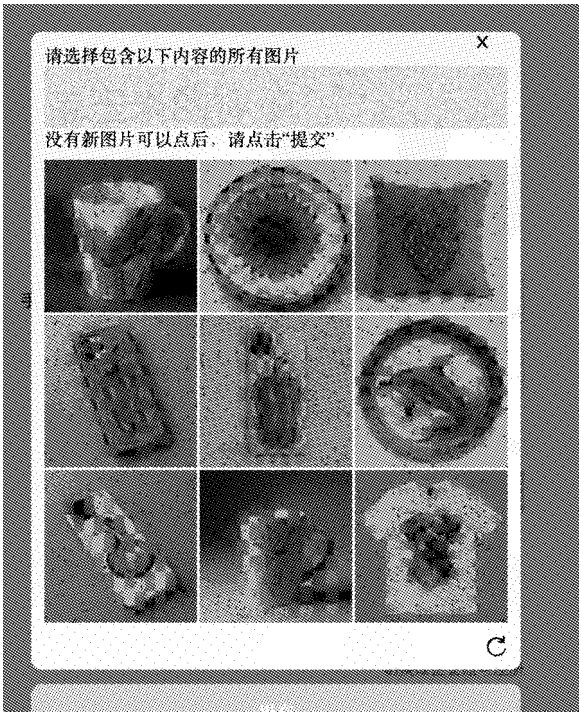
Yet wouldn’t my indirect answer be a way to avoid confronting my own true thoughts and feelings? Again with the questions to act as answers while avoiding the confrontational and intense nature which answers always hold...

It doesn't matter the original subject matter, you can apply this to writing.

It is as if I am constantly like that, running around, avoiding the “thing” of it all. Not as if I am scared of it, but as if I don’t even know what these “things” and points are. It is as if I had never confronted it before, so then I ask how am I supposed to do so now? It is like describing a word through only alluding to its meaning, not out of fear of uttering the word, but because I don’t even know what it is! I mean, I *essentially* do, but I don’t actually know the *word*, the concrete word itself. If you know the meaning, which is what language attempts to describe, that can be good on its own. If one only knows the word, then they don’t actually know what it means, what it is going on or what is truly being alluded to, and that is not good on its own. But in this case, I run around in meanings and the definitions themselves because I somehow lack the internal dictionary to know the concrete word, the symbol, which is what others understand, to describe it all.

I find myself constantly, dramatically and tiredly, saying "the point is..." But do I get anywhere with this? As if my points are instead smaller points alluding to some greater main point, in which I spend my entire being attempting to reach, refusing to say even to myself. And why? Well, this is where and how it always ends, in topics like these... in any probably.

It doesn't matter the original subject matter.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NOVEMBER 26 2023

'I want to be an adult.' Not a certain age (though I'm now understanding the benefits of being twenty-one, and it's almost as if I'm too impatient to wait a year), but to be at the point where

I have no idea why I'm talking about this.

I can live alone, guaranteed. Not comfortable per say, but my

Talking? Writing.

idea of normal. I feel alive buying groceries, rushing through

It doesn't matter the original subject manner, you can apply this to writing.

outsider crowds like a madman, and being out at strange hours

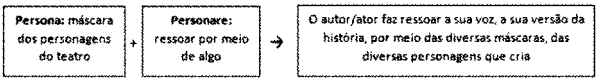
It doesn't matter the original subject manner.

(not at night, but in morning) where the only ones out are the night dwellers, who don't have a place to go, heading "home", as well as the bottom of the chain on their trek to their service jobs.

It doesn't even matter the words.

I desire a life where I scrape to survive, not out of hard work, but a slow, casual, and natural "way of life" scraping. I want to be entirely alone with no obligations to anyone who I can be considered "tied" to.

PERSONALITY : is the integrated set of psychic traits, consisting of the total of individual characteristics, in their relationship with the environment.


Persona: máscara dos personagens do teatro
+
Personare: ressoar por meio de algo
→
O autor/ator faz ressoar a sua voz, a sua versão da história, por meio das diversas máscaras, das diversas personagens que cria

According to Mira y López (1943), the following aspects related to personality and its expression are basically distinguished:

Body Constitution: set of metabolic, biochemical and hormonal properties transmitted to the individual mainly by genetics. Appearance, gestures, voice: influence the person's psychological experiences and their way of reacting to others.

Temperament: set of *innate* psychophysiological and psychological characteristics that differentiate one individual from another (some are more asthenic/passive, others more sthenic/active). Combination of genetic/innate + acquired/learned factors

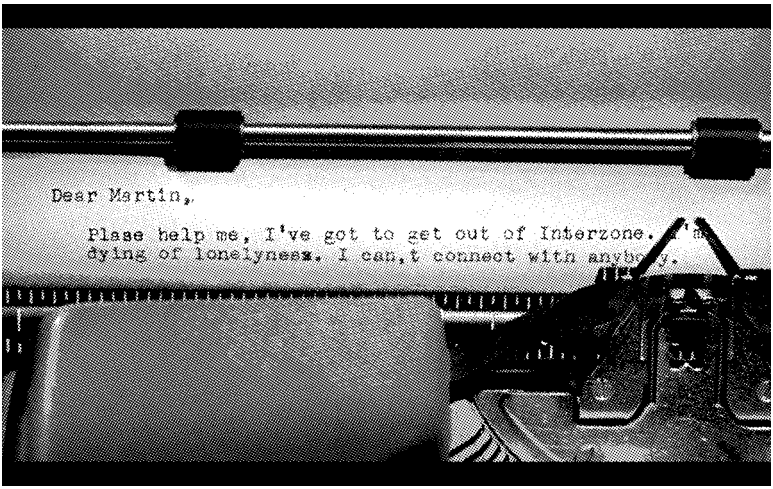
Character: sum of personality traits, expressed in the basic way in which the individual reacts to life, their personal style, their forms of social interaction, tastes, aptitudes, etc. Character reflects the temperament shaped, modified and inserted in the family and sociocultural environment (*environment*).

IT DOESN'T MATTER THE WORDS,

On another note, or perhaps the same, I feel as if I have this unquenchable thirst and hunger. I'm never full unless I don't want to be. But the hunger and thirst otherwise lasts all day no matter my efforts. It is as if it is both a real physical hunger as well as a metaphorical one.

I AM THE HUNGER ARTIST,

I think the point is that I am not alive and cannot be alive under these circumstances. And I know that this isn't me waiting, nor this being futile, because I feel alive every now and then. When no one is around. When there are no circumstances on me.


Dear Martin,
Plase help me, I've got to get out of Interzone.
dying of lonelyness. I can,t connect with anybody.

I AM TALKING ABOUT PSEUDO,

I wonder, suddenly, if there is no genuinity behind these writings (and all my notebooks and writings), then do they result in nothing? Is the only reason those obscure writings which are found and then published throughout history due to the writer never seeing such works, and therefore did not know his writings could be published? So they were written in pure genuine-ness, and then automatically this is not?

I AM TALKING PSEUDO.

However, as someone lacking in fundamental human traits, nothing I do is genuine. If it's futile from the start, then there's no reason not to write like this anymore. I'll just keep "doing" because everything I forcibly and deliberately "do" has a fakeness to it, yet that "doing is also "living." I suppose the conclusion is that to live is to "write", in this case. Although I have no feelings or opinions on that.

Although I have no feelings or opinions on that.

AND I NEVER WILL.

ALWAYS,

FOREVER,

IN PSEUDO.

A SUBTLE PROGRESSION ON LOOKING

JUNE 23 2025: I want to live my life in black and white, but when I try to depict what that is, it turns out all yellow.

SEPTEMBER 4 2025: When I was younger, I liked illustrative drawings. I've been beaten to death over the adjective 'illustrative', the whole topic makes me weary, so I'll end this sentence here.

FEBRUARY 18 2024: Is no story if it encompasses just influences (structuralist). Only power of author is to mix writings: author doesn't express himself, instead he gives what he has available in his inner dictionary; cointains cultural, etc. Compare to Foucault role-creation. Multi-dimensional space of writing, a tissue... To contrast with text having one meaning sitting there since start. Author can't contain all these parts; not a single person, but all of those things. Story preceeds author in its parts. Reading text itself (so just multi-signifiers) ☞ reader is only one who can understand it. Reading is as active as the writing. Then I ask, does reader bring their own influence to the table? Multiplicity is focused to the reader. Process of signifying is only truly completed until it is read.

AUGUST 1 2025: 42×2=84. 63×2=126. losing 2 inches from hem, each side. 42+2+2=46. 63+2+2=67. 46×2=92. 67×2=134. 20 something years of being here and having inside. And any entrance into the world only gets more difficult. Like getting pushed, pushed out. Always something. Even though there is a lack, in nothing. How does no.

JUNE 23 2023: After turning on a lamp I haven't used in years, the pages of my book start to blind me, because I'm not used to these pages being so bright.

On these nights is when I have something gathered up inside I don't know about, and without shame I start to think about other people thinking about their parent's deaths. While wishing for the wheels of time to change shape into squares and skip, I sit here practicing how to stop earth from revolving.

MARCH 15 2023: Basically, I don't want to throw out possibilities because of me not knowing how else to do things. And ontop of this. Lakeiew 13th floor, link with paperwork, 11AM.

JULY 2 2024: Everything is a delusion. however that is not of the most importance. Instead, what harbors greater implications is the way in which everything is a delusion, how everything maintains such a fact, that is, of immersion.

JUNE 6 2024: I want to be rebellious, but I am a machine. there is a program, there must be a program somewhere, and I cannot run off course.

JUNE 3 2024: Yet at times i feel a spark of something fire within, of energy, of significance; a reminder of life, and my subsequent heartbeats ache painfully, throbbing and consistently, all the more confirming such a horrific fact.

SEPTEMBER 23 2024: On internet privacy. On what to do with your life when you start to understand why people live fully isolated.

FEB 14 2023: If people are made from nature, and the things we make are called man-made, then aren't we as people man-made ourselves? Not only do humans create other humans, but our man-made creations form our societies, and they form ourselves. our everyday lives are influenced and dictated by

the inventions we invented, and the cities we planned. Yet our man-made creations aren't entirely separate from nature. They often are created in response to nature, to go against it, to control it, for the sake of humanity to prevail. Other times, when nature benefits us, we create around or with it, as a way to utilize nature. But no matter how much we think these man-made creations give us a sense of control, if nature is the reason we created them in the first place, then isn't nature once again in control? So if our man-made creations are ultimately made by nature, the same creations that, as said before, make ourselves, then aren't we as humans also made by that nature? So as we continue to create humans, we pass down that nature-made fact onto our own man-made humans.

JANUARY 8 2024: 'I will break your reality.' 'No matter how much I protect you, and no matter how much of my humanity I throw away, nothing is enough in the face of god.'

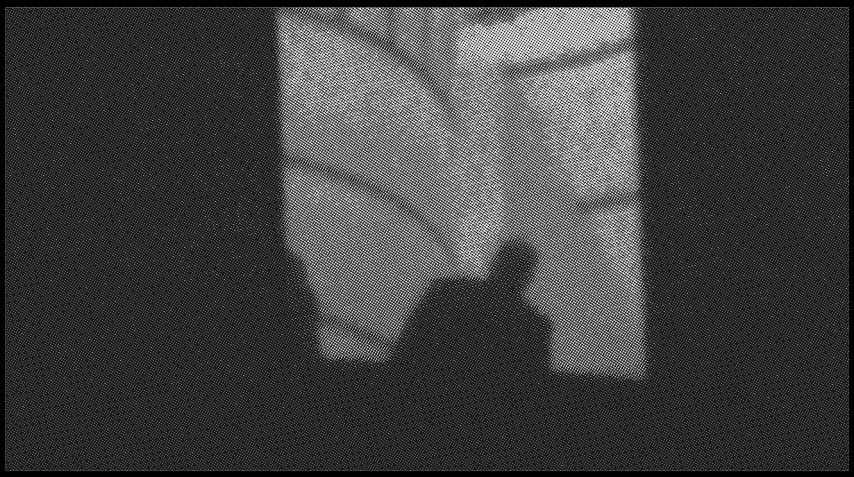
APRIL 18 2024: Derrida grammatology 918. Baudrillard 957. Baudrillard 1049. Art in reproduction takes itself as its own teleological value. Realism. 38.5+2=40.5. 99.5+2=101.5. 142. 11.5 sticking out. 120+28+2=150. window 1. 46 inches from wall. 41 inches wide. window 2. 5.25+2 from wall. door 30. mirror 19. 144x132.

FEBRUARY 24 2023: Any movie that portrays a historical time and moment will have inaccuracies, and the chances of that are heightened by if the time is older and less documented. The reading said there is a lot about pleasure, so likely this dance portrays that theme accurately. Likely it is exaggerated for cinematic effects, likely in visuals. Evoke power, justice, tradition, thtough architcture. 10 piece 50% off. $7.28.

MAY 17 2025: I am not from an artist family. I was born in Westchester, Illinois LINK TO 1927 LAGRANGE NEWSPAPER ARTICLE and grew up playing baseball and drawing baseball logos LINK TO DATA MAP OF OF CUBS SOX FAN DISTRIBUTION. I had very neat handwriting, and I attribute my early ability to draw to the same reason I had neat handwriting. I was always intrigued by 'the city' more than anything. I liked watching the trains pass LINK TO PHOTO OF CANADIAN NATIONAL BRIDGE OVER ROOSEVELT RD. and I liked riding them LINK TO WIKIPEDIA ARTICLE: CHICAGO SUBDIVISION, and I liked looking out the window and watching how everything transitions so smoothly from suburb to city to even more city, each architectural decade getting older and older. When I was older I moved to a farther away suburb. I was still 'good' at 'art' and I was also good at math and other things, and I'm not sure what happened, but at a certain point I felt as if I had been permanently paved into the walls of the art department hallway. They eventually gave me an award for getting paved into the wall, and they gave me plenty of supplies throughout the years. I cannot answer when I decided to take art "seriously." I told people I'd go into art because I was good at it, which was enough of a reason for anyone who asked. I no longer think I'm good at art. I only ever used pens and I was good at detailed crosshatching and line work. We used oil paint once, which was the first time I had painted, but I didn't think much of it. I had almost no opinions, save for art history class, where for the first time I felt compelled to get into a heated argument with another person. I realized that during the various instances of having gone to the museum, I picked up a bias towards the modernists LINK TO KAZIMIR MALEVICH'S PAINTERLY REALISM OF A FOOTBALL PLAYER—COLOR MASSES IN THE 4TH DIMENSION. No one really knew, but everyday I'd go home and draw in an 'anime' style and post it for the internet to

see. And no one ever knew how long I'd been doing this. When I was 10 my cartoons were now live on cable LINK TO WIKIPEDIA ARTICLE: AMERICAN MIDDLE CLASS and so I would no longer pause the tv to copy them to paper. When I was 11 I got the computer LINK TO YOUTUBE VIDEO: AFTER DARK GAMES TOASTER RUN GAMEPLAY moved up to my room after my teenage sibling decided he'd sleep in the basement. Now I had google at the tips of my fingers, which no longer was a simple picture-oriented encyclopia, but a world of anime screenshots LINK TO GOOGLE SEARCH: K-ON SCREENGRAB FILTER: BEFORE 2014 to copy. Everytime I drew these, I would hide the papers in a stack until a day no one was paying attenion, and then I'd run out the back door and shove them as deep as I could into the recycling can. I never got them quite deep enough, though. My detest for suburbia only grew wilder and somewhere along the line, perhaps when I got paved into the wall, I grew fond of industrial areas. I'm not sure what I was searching for. If it was for nostalgia, I'd be sleepwalking towards cemeteries LINK TO HILLSIDE FUNERAL SERVICE MAP. I guess it is the antithesis of suburbia, what suburbia tries to hide. And maybe I thought I was hidden, so when I entered the wall I finally understood the machinery involved in pavement, and all clicked once I went to college. I drew architecturally LINK TO IMAGE OF ARTWORK for the first time and entered a wild world of towers LINK TO IMAGE OF ARTWORK, and once my hand cramped up I went abstract LINK TO IMAGE OF ARTWORK for the first time, but it got much too wild and so I learned printmaking LINK TO IMAGE OF ARTWORK instead. I have multiple recycling bins now and I'm not sure what to do with them, but I'll find my way.

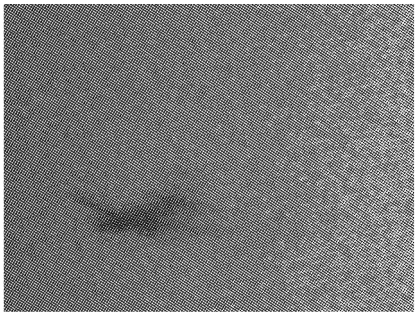
SEPTEMBER 14 2024: Whether or not the world has been this way forever,



I don't know. Certaintly, yesterday and today is empty. Even if the secrets of the world are hidden from me I play along. From tomorrow on. I'll look up.

MARCH 26 2024: Go to Germany, don't leave, start nomadic lifestyle .

JULY 6 2025: I find myself frequently thinking 'how could they think that looks good'. I am fascinated by how someone can have such a different view on things. But this is also informed by being an art student, overly familiar with 'high' conceptual art. And immediately, I think I should feel guilty. And I picture all the people who preach empathy. And I groan and roll my eyes in response. But in actuality my opinion isn't so strong. As throughout my life, I've witnessed that other side of empathy. Of heart-driven sentiments. When people seriously judge another. When people can be so cruel. The hateful things they say. And how they say it with such heart. It's always been a sight. A reminder that I'm not as cruel as I think I am. With no heart, I cannot care, and I cannot hate, I cannot wish such cruelty. I can detest, and complain, and mumble... I am just annoying, and say words. But is this groaning real? Are the gears churning, making noises? The crumbling, grinding, rusting noises of the machine... Or is it me who is mimicking the rust? Mocking my own image, playing the role which is assumed upon me with my no-heart comments. I only stop this madness when I witness cruelty. And I feel myself freeze, everything stops moving. And I can feel this lack of movement inside, a metallic sensation. And I can feel my face appear dumb and blank. And I also feel my own fear start to whir up somewhere below. Somewhere in my shoes, perhaps. And a thought comes on, that consoles me from above. That I am not like these people. How cruel it is. That such extremes must be produced from something. And the only way out is for



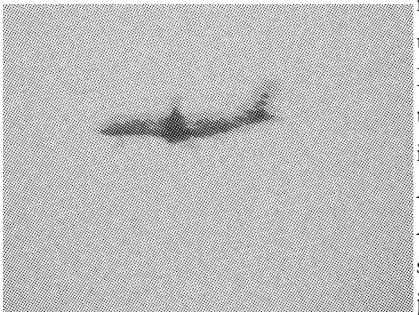
HUMAN STATEMENT

There is a thing I am getting at.

I am glad and pleasantly surprised, almost proud, that my recent work, which due to my sudden pivot in art making should be seen as the only existence of my work (there is a difference between a due-date and a deadline), transmits its weak, bandaged up visual themes of near-cuteness, near-violence, near-childishness, near-delirium, near-madness. Everything is half-baked, not by way of powerful ambiguity or curiosities. It's underdeveloped but existent, and left there for quite some time. It's bandaged at the eye, is what I mean.

I'm proud because nothing is bashed in the head until it's drilled downwards into a dull fact of 'bright colors is childish' or 'the juxtaposition of cute and creepy.' In reality, nothing is any of this, it's never cute nor violent nor bright because it's all half-baked. Almost false, but still existent. Mulling, mumbling on, drooling a little, twitching sometimes, but most of the time when you look at it, it's behaving fairly normally outside of some stutters and

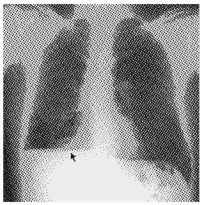
that thing to not exist. The heart. I kept looking down at my shoes. I thought about the times someone understood my way of judging. And how we'd agree on things. How agreement operates. The laughter, the understanding. Shattered by a sudden input of heart, a sudden sick churn of the heart. I hate disagreements. Everyone is on such different pages, and I feel like I'm the only one who can see them. I hate how everyone turns to me, directs thoughts and assumptions at me. I hate how I sound when I respond. I hate that response is a 'defense'. So I sat there and pleaded that I suddenly didn't care. Those hours and days spent making the same comments over and over. Those opinions. I don't care. I try to allude to the operation of my inner machine, but that never works. And the same people who say such cruel things look at me with sad eyes. And they ask why I think the way I do. I can see their lips forming it. Cruel. Even if it'll never be said. I explain more, I uncover some of the operation. I talk about the separation between logic and heart. And opinions with and without care. And my affinity with sarcasm. And my habit of hyperbole. Despite my serious personality. I just think things. The split, the split between it all. Now their sad look turns concerned. They think I'm crazy. I'm stripped of all responsibility. But with no heart comes no morals. So do I care? When I fear my cruelty, do I? When I make such comments, do I? But I'm alone, thinking and mumbling these things. Concerned as if someone is watching. And I think about the things people think about when no one's around. It's too frightening. It's too cruel, the whole thing. I just wish I would actually recognize that.



OCTOBER 7 2025: Hypotheical poem about being a painter: I am a painter. But I can still learn. There is a future ahead. I want to kill myelf.

the refusal to look you in the eye.

I'm glad and satisfied because to have things half-baked means I don't need to force out a statement when I have nothing to fill one with. Words are solid things, shrouded in the form of an object. By solid I mean that they have a mass. Most words used are empty, but they shouldn't be, at least in a perfect world. I want to create a utopia of my own. It's not a utopia because it's perfect or good, it's a utopia because it cannot exist and is the only place I can exist. The solipsistic bubble is every man's first utopia. Utopias can be painful to maneuver, but nothing comes close to the world that exists outside and around it. I'd rather be pricked and prodded by my own made-up problems than have to swim through the physics of the real world. To swim is to swat your arms around in order to advance, a constant act of swatting-away. I am sitting and grabbing and speaking to the false objects I grab. At some point the survival instinct behind swimming disappears from the minds of all the fish and they continue because they can which eventually turns into continuing because they want to.



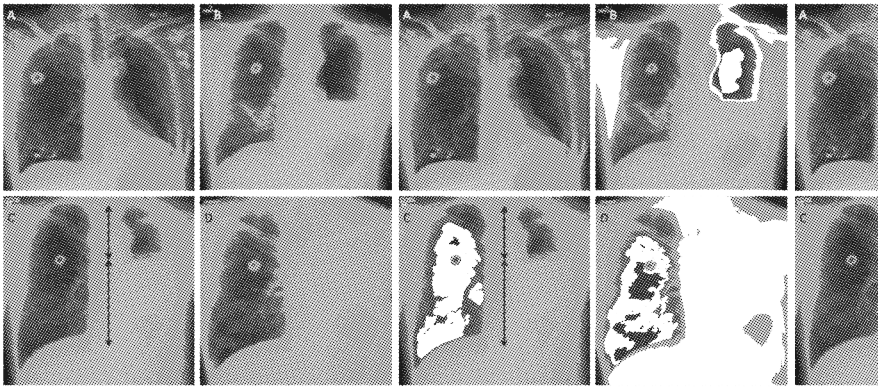
I'm pleased because by keeping a bandage on my eye I don't have to see things as much nor do people need to see me as much. As much. Sight is retained to an extent, but always in the context of being bandaged. And sight and recognition and identification of myself is always done by first staring at the bandage, then the other eye, then the bandage.

I'm getting at everything I just gave to you. I'm always grabbing my face to console, but I'm also always grabbing my head and slowly spinning and eventually drilling myself downwards in defeat because it can be so frustrat-

JUNE 13 2024: And there I wait under 22nd street. With not a single soul standing in front of me. And suddenly I get the idea, something like, starting a whole new world. If i'm the only that only exists truly here and there, and you are all my mind. Then this action, solidify. And suddenly the bells stop chiming. The soul, an organ, I choke. And then it'll beat slightly off rhythm now. I can't, move on, the program. And something else you'd say regarding my state but. I can't remember anything. Can you state that one more time, slowly now. I thought I told you everything. And other words I know too well. The rumbling of the tracks are to me a soothing sin. Why would anybody ask that? I say. But my voice doesn't come out My one secret strategy, something I cannot express. So now surrender my quiet script. Conspicuous right now. A final grandiose ending and other heinous fakes.

EDITOR'S CONFESSION OCTOBER 18 2025: I forgot poetry lines are separated by slashes. It is a good thing that I am not a poet. My editor's note is as follows: ALL PERIODS CAN BE SLASHES. Because sometimes they are, or I guess *were*. But at that point, they all may as well be. Or be not. The nihilism of avant-garde. But it was my editor who changed it. *Ooh a la*. I sometimes get videos from French people on my phone. That is a sentence. The point was that I'm surprised people really do say *oh la la*. I am writing in the marigins. I am writing because I cannot have this book exceed 200 pages. I am subverting. I am making 'joke' of things. Look at me subverting. Watch me. Two different statements. I want you to look and not look at the same time but it isn't anything of an interesting reason, I'm shy. Theme of it all. I yawn, roll my eyes. I've grown so tired throughout these words. I've thrown so much at you. Because. Contemporary art school. Classmate. Designer clothing. 3rd year, 3 books on desk. I saw her carrying *Anti-Oedipus* in the elevator: the author of today's lesson

ing to use words to make sense of things without making any truth. What gets priority is the ability to be read and the ability to seem to be understood. Everything else is secondary because it's all an impossible problem. These problems are cast aside and ignored instead of being worked on and eventually solved, of course to the extent they can be (and they very much can go far in this regard). This is the part that gets me drilled down.

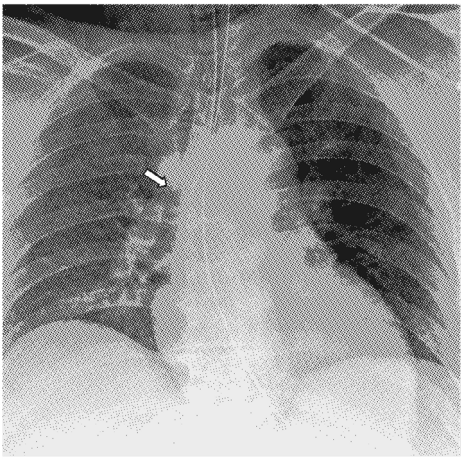


I'm surprised because everytime I draw a big eye I know what I am doing and I know that everyone knows what I'm doing. But the weird part is that no one ever mentions what I'm doing, no one ever speaks. They engage, they start grabbing the water instead of swatting at it, and their words are all true, just dancing around the central pebble of what I'm offering. They're able to see but refuse to point out the reasonings and explanations for why everything is the way it is. I mean they do not question or concern themselves with the reasonings. They let it exist. I'm not used to not being questioned. Everything becomes 'fine'. At the end of the day, I'd rather have fine than anything else. The rest of the day is different. But fine is always good.

Opening up on the operating table and recognizing all the organs and bones and grabbing and pulling and fixing them with such gentle care without mentioning a word about why or what any of us surgeons are doing; anesthesia is lovely. It's really just such a pleasant and fine operation to exist

is subverting by breaking rules and norms and therefore subverting and it's such a wonderful thing because it's subversion and it's not punk in a dirty way it's punk in a clean way in a white wall gallery way. She wants to be a curator, he calls himself a curator, he runs shows in her friend's apartment. Downtown Loop apartment. 1500 SAT score in highschool AP Physics, not calculus, art students don't like mathematics she says she jokes everyone jokes everyone says. Everyone says so she says that stereotypes are bad and we need to stop stereotyping and calling things things. AP is like A-levels if you are reading this while being British. Do you ever think about the English language? Not regarding translation. Too much talk. He talks of translation and subversion all the time without even investigating the operation of either thing. Subverting what. What. Where am I. I've been obliterated, I've been ripped apart. I've been made and sculpted this way all because I rented a book from the library that contained more written items than just its title novel. I'm this way because of contemporary art school and now I believe a book looks like this. But it's also my fault. The story goes like this: I was the one who wanted to read *Finnegans Wake* in Ireland because they had *Finnegans Wak*e in the shared house and I thought. I liked James Joyce. And I was in Ireland and I was going a bit mad in Ireland because I was in a house full of many people. One day I was biking up the hill to the college which I'm not used to because I'm from Illinois and the crows above my head turned into some other sort of object and the silence of the countryside became a sharp pain like a guitar screaming whistling something was wrong something became so wrong because the dark clouds blew away and twisted and transformed like the previous visions my eyes had been forming at night. It was raining and so I biked up as fast as possible like a child biking up CANTERBURY ST. in fear of a bird I had passed all because I watched a Hitchcock

and be let to exist, allowed so much so that recognition and identification and assumptions (the true version of 'knowing' and 'understanding') does not disrupt anything about it.



What a wonderful thing. We are using words in their full weight without draping them in cloths of mass and form.

I mean I'm telling you everything right now. It's just unfortunate that it's harder to tell something that is easier to experience. The tricky part is that you cannot experience this while swimming. But oh, my, oh god, it's just such a lovely thing. 'Those who understand' reiterated and bounced off of each other like ping-pong balls until the smallest, most low-life, shrivelled up, twitching groups of bones and sticks can utter the same words. It's some of the purest metal of an operation that can ever be created, and it tastes great too. That's why it's hard to describe in words, because we all have our mouths full. It's easier to look at, it's easier to vaguely know, it's easier to gently smile, it's easier to squish the liver in a playful manner. Meanwhile, some of us are getting our veins ripped and shredded apart. Gloved hands enter our already-clean bodies and just start swatting until the threads are caught

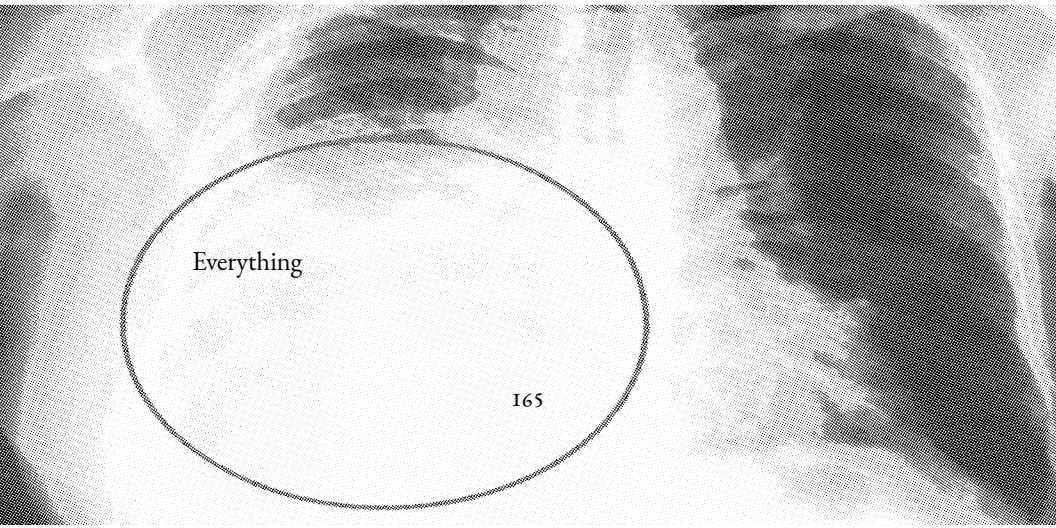
movie before I could handle Hitchcock. I blinked, swallowed, widened my strained eyes that should naturally sit a bit wider. I would like to change the subject. I swallowed because my mouth keeps filling up with the aftertaste of paid promotional content t-shirt-gunned down my throat, a daily routine. About 5 minutes into unlocking my phone and I lock it back off again. The others insert their hands into it. I typically refuse to make reference to timely objects, but we need to have a serious talk:

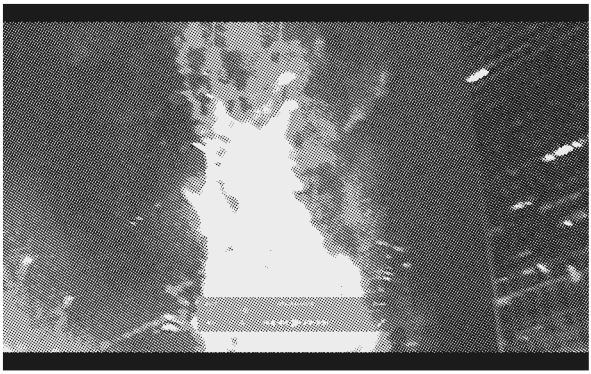
Marketing is an mass-action done by FBI agents.

on the shiny, blue fingers. Ripped and shredded in the name of survival. The name of survival only comes up when you force it out of someone. The low-life party is over at this point, the cops have shown up and declared 'this is a party.'

God, I wish I could wish I was a writer. That way everything would be much simpler by way of being so much more miserable.

I'll explain it like this: if it looks weird to you, how about you check the last person you opened up and shoved your sanitary hands into. A lot more gets deformed than just the outside of a person. But you already know that, 'everyone knows that.' Yet here's the issue: they don't, and no one is claiming this looks weird! As your eyes glance to the side, as your hands move towards the edge of the paper, as your thumb inserts itself into the dark, cold crevices, think about how in such a natural world of ours, dust appears grey, despite all indications that such a natural thing should be a natural color, and that a natural color cannot be grey because the color charts and paint can labels have taught us that, and ask, to yourself or to someone whom it applies to: what are you so afraid of?





NOTEBOOK 4

I.

If I am the only one who exists, it is pointless to attempt to explain and preach why that is, as the audience to such proofs are not real existent people, there is no one to receive the message. This is the futility of the solipsist. Preaching such a thing then holds no meaning and makes no sense. However, it is also pointless to give up in the face of such a thing. If no one exists, which is the necessary assumption for the solipsist's nonsense to take place, then there is no difference in refraining from preaching—No, there is no difference to the world, to seeming reality, to others; it makes no difference, nothing changes externally. But there is a difference to myself, and if I am the world, then it makes difference to the real reality, my reality, my lived reality, or myself. I feel it in my conviction. If I do nothing, then I feel nothing (a passive nothing with no weight to it) in my conviction. Nothing changes, that is, changes to be made regarding the external world. Nothing matters...

* * *

Experience is delusion, done so by immersion, held together by belief or a suspension of disbelief. Eleven language itself needs to be believed in, that words carry meanings and ideas, that we can illustrate or express them in words, and that this can be taken in by the listeners as if they are now possessing the original existence of one's idea itself—even if all they possess are words, even if our speech is a manner of sounds, we believe there really is something to it. It is with this belief that meanings are created in the first place, affecting what is impactful, what carries weight, what is significant.

If it is impossible to grasp, that is, of things not being what they seem (outside of belief,

when realized), it is because the belief around it has been so strong and consistent, and most importantly, has affected or are affected by so many other things in our lives. When viewing it all from far away, now in an estimated vision, it might as well be all real because it really does seem so close to it, so close to being real, and this is fine to do. In fact, it is almost certainly necessary to believe in its reality in order to keep living. And for such strong things (strongly believed, closest to 'real' seeming), it likely matters less in actual life to suspend your disbelief of them. It can be seen how for lesser seeming things, it is ironically more important to understand their existence as delusion (it is dangerous to full-heartedly believe a news network is showing the truth of things in their most accurate forms at all times); although, there seems to be another connection regarding the 'lesser things' (those easier to suspend belief) and the fact that the significance in whether or not they are believed, and particularly if something in this goes array, has to do with more 'things', that is, more delusions; the closer to reality, the less things matter, the more nothing it all is.

2.

DELUSION (real definitions):

The state of believing things that are not true*

False belief/judgement about external reality

Delude: impose a misleading belief

Inability to distinguish what's real or imagined, despite indisputable evidence to the contrary.

False/true means nothing here, it is more so how things really are vs. how they seem.

> As in, 'how they are': the sounds made vs. 'how they seem': words (and all that this weighty concept holds)

A state or almost like a location, not the action.

Made stronger by seeming evidence (this is how it differs from the sense of mental delusions in psychology, etc.)

EXAMPLES OR SIMILAR THINGS:

Like fiction (you don't become the movie though, but you do believe you have insight into the world, and that it really is some sort of world—though this is a better example of a self-aware delusion, you can watch a movie while analyzing the production of it...)

A conversation (immersion occurs in this), a dream*, life itself (believing in senses, being part of this thing called history, others existing, objects existing).

> Then isn't delusion just a bare necessity for living? This is not revolutionary...

It is a known fact...

But it has its merit in analysis (and people still go "No, I know what I'm sensing!' all the time)

(Is this not what many theories or ideas are like and why they exist?)

A place of the seeming existence of things

*ON DREAMS:

You seem to remember them more when you express or take note of them during the day. Is this the strange instance where more awareness (realizations) causes more instances of immersion? No, because to remember a dream is to realize that it was a dream as opposed to reality. You can still dream without waking up and recalling it, and in fact, this would be even more immersed and delusional as you don't even make realizations at all. It is just that we commonly call recalling your dream as 'having' one, as if we never have dreams if we do not remember them—It is like when an accent is similar to the norm of your context (country, location, environment) and becomes 'not having an accent' even though we know everyone has accents.

3.

What would it be to doubt even your existence? With other doubts, you can think of the possibility of the statement in question as being false (even if it is crazy), but not existence? (Can you do so with existence?) What other option would there be?

And this I do not mean "I don't exist in this world," "I don't exist as a defined human being," "I don't exist in/as/with... etc." I mean existing, only existence in and of itself.

So one must dispel those associations... I can think, in a knowingly hyperbolic manner, for the sake of its sense, "I don't really exist..." meaning my experience in life has been too un-human, too different, or detached from reality, and further such things. I do not mean this.

(To word the doubt of "I don't exist" is a struggle because of this 🤌, so the phrasing of the doubt will not be perfect if I do so... and thus I worked reverse):

So to say the statement and then elicit doubt... in other examples it goes:

"I am not dreaming... but, what if? There have been times I was dreaming and later realized those perceptions were in fact not real (I remember, I experienced this... and so on)!"

"That is the color blue... but, I may be 177 suddenly colorblind. Or, in fact, what I see as blue no one else does!" (Have you ever argued over a color with someone? One who calls a reddish-burgundy as 'purple'?)

"This is my hand... but, I may be possessing another person."

"The (external) world exists... but, it may be all imagined, in my head."

"I exist... but..."

But? Yes, this is what happens. While not the argument I wish to emphasize, I will make the point that even in previous doubts of the world (external) or your parts (external), there remained the internal self (or however you like to call it).

It isn't as if this makes other doubting lesser, though. It is often treated as if, say, not truly believing you're human is impossible. It is too absurd. But, I may be delusional and in a fit of psychosis. I may be an angel. But isn't that inherently dysfunctional, and so then my doubt should not be valued as one? I see, but... I may be an angel, seriously. You too can conceive of the idea/concept of an angel! And furthermore (the more serious rebuttal), it isn't hard, and is in fact easier, to imagine our understanding of mental healthiness/unhealthiness to be incorrect, perhaps purposefully, perhaps too intrusive, etc.... Who are you to say I am unhealthy and therefore wrong! I may be ill– being an angel is horribly painful!-- but my doubt of human-ness still stands.

"But if in psychosis, you recognize now that your state (and thus belief of doubt) was wrong!" Yes, but, you can recall when you were dreaming, no? And why whether or not now is a dream brings about its weariness...

(added on a post-it note and then typed more at the end):

Person (dreaming): "This is all real." ☜ wrong. 0 awareness state.

Person (psychotic): "I am an angel." ☜ wrong. 0 awareness state.

So how is this comparable (what did I mean in my comparison?)

1. Everyone experiences a 0 awareness state (no one is safe), thus everyone can doubt regarding this and can imagine doubting ("What if I am dreaming?")

2. Point being that the delusion (0 awareness state) seems believed, real, etc.

Because I haven't yet stated my takes regarding doubt (I didn't say it's all fair, that it's good to doubt, etc.)... It isn't validating the 'angel' delusion by bringing up the dream, because both delusions are wrong. My point was not that psychosis doesn't take place. My point is that to act as if it is easily recognizable, that therefore the possibility of psychosis is a pointless rebuttal to 'how could you doubt that' isn't correct either... Which would be a necessary point to arrive at if you flip the situation around: What if my belief that I exist is my schizophrenic delusion... Something like that...

As in I could entirely explore these doubts and arrive at the conclusion that doubting is pointless, or something. The conclusion is still in the air, and this is true. I have no idea on it.

4.

Solipsist claims of 'THE WORLD IS MY WORLD' is nonsense—it detaches from all that would give it sense

Claim of 🖱 is true because you cannot imagine alternatives

(I scrapped the next thought)

It should not be 'THE WORLD IS MY WORLD' but rather (if staying as close as possible to the original): 'REALITY IS MY WORLD.'

> If everything only exists to you, then *the* world as a distinct object is not shared and experienced as an object outside of you.
>
> This is why the claim states 'the world' *is* my world, it isn't the world, it's '*my*'

However this seems to allude to another meaning that is stronger and more immediate

Perhaps it should be stated with more claims of the same nature and on the same topic: all I (can) know is my world, *the* world outside of *my* world does not exist (does not seem to)

But 🖱 should differ from statements on the same topic but of an explanatory nature; these will be the reasonings: I cannot know the world outside of my world, your world (if existent) is different from my world, *the* world stands as the objective object of reality, and so on... until it furthers into reasonings regarding these reasons, especially on perception, sense, what then constitutes knowledge and the acquisition of it, and so on. It is a longer argument than a sentence that claims to 'shut down' the need for reasoning (although because of the grand nature of the position, because of what it covers, the reasonings hold a sense of shutting down its personality).

(Writing and figuring out these arguments of perception are far greater of a topic and would need a full studying-into on a larger scale (also because this topic matters to me, thus the effort), so this note is extremely lackluster)

> ("PERSONALITY OF ARGUMENT": 'shutting down', over-encompassing, etc. because its effect is so huge. Yet, its weight/significance ironically seems to be nothing (made nothing?) and thus the impact is like "...", similar to it being without sense... something like this...)

The issue (at hand) is that if you reject the world, the objective reality, then how do you build the argument as one (as an argumentative take)?

> Yet the reply of the solipsist is then that arguing makes no sense if the other doesn't exist!

> 🖱 The futility of all of this, and the absurdity (of non-existence, "living" as seeming

existence) to the solipsist.

Note: I take solipsism as 'only you exist' (perhaps there are other standpoints but none matter to me in this case)

LEADS TO QUESTION:

Is my understanding built from the world (reality)? ☜ against the solipsist

Or is the world ("reality") built from my understanding? ☜ agrees with the solipsist

5.

HOW DO YOU KNOW YOUR HAND IS YOUR HAND?

Specifies down to focusing on the possessive "my". Not about being: not an issue of ourselves not being ourselves, nor our hand not being a hand

ANOTHER EXAMPLE ON POSSESSION (general, everyday):

IS YOUR BOOK YOUR BOOK? ☞ you may mistake another's as your own.

But is this not an issue of object?

If the book is 'your book', then it is the same copy of it, not another ('someone else's'), but 'someone else's book' doesn't mean it *is someone's*, perhaps it has no owner of the same nature (a library can be the owner, but that is of another nature).

It is merely not yours, this is what is truly meant by the initial "someone else's"

It is then an object issue, but does this imply a possessive conclusion alongside its own?

This seems to come from when the book is not your copy (emphasis on copy), and therefore is "someone else's" or not yours. But this denotes the *object*. It is the 'not-yours'-object, not the 'yours'-object, it is a different copy. So what is being talked about is this object here, not the possession.

Does it still imply the 'therefore', then? Does the possessive conclusion (your/their book) necessarily exist with the object conclusion (your-book/not-yours-book)?

It seems that if the book is of a different copy, if it is 'not yours' as object, then this denotes that it is also not yours *possessively*. No doubt, this is how determining whether or not this book is yours works in practical application is done, but what is dealt with here is not the practical. Can it be possible that albeit being a different copy from yours, albeit being denoted as 'not yours', you in fact own it? It is absurd, but is this also possible in everyday real life? Perhaps you also own that copy.

How would you be unaware of this? Perhaps you bought it, and forgot, or bought two but

never noticed.

How is it possible for this book to exist physically in this scenario? Perhaps you brought two but never noticed. Perhaps someone stole it and took it there (by stealing, we see that it is still yours, it should be yours). However it may have gotten there, it is possible for it to physically be there.

Is it not just your book then? That is, the issue of possession has been found?

No doubt there must be some delight in having found one of your books. However, it is still a different book , it was assumed to be 'someone else's'.

It has been shown and now must be assumed that in this specific situation, this is not the original object of focus. The focus is not on whether we can find one book of yours (an object within the category of 'your books'), but on if the hypothetical book, the one we can see in front of us, is yours (possessively). By bringing up other possible hypotheticals in regards to whether or not possession can inherently conclude from within and along an object-conclusion, it is shown that this conclusion is not what it seems—that one cannot imply the other at most (in reality, not practically), or that these connections are more complicated at least. As in, if the book is 'not yours' in object, that is, of the same copy, then is it necessarily not yours in possession? This brings back the original question at hand: HOW DO YOU KNOW YOUR BOOK (object 'your book'/possessive *your* book) IS YOUR BOOK (possessive *your* book/object 'your book')?

A problem arises in this direction of the object-possession connection, it suddenly launches itself backwards and runs back all progress it set down this 'working thru' track of ours. When asking if the yours-book-object is then yours possessively, a suspicion arises and questions how we know it is the yours-object. A previous track answers: it is the same exact copy. Questioning our senses (if we know it's the same copy by its appearance) aside, how do we know what copy we are even looking for? We own the correct copy and are therefore trying to see if this book in front of us is the same. It creeps up again: how do we know we own *that* copy, that is, how do we know that book is our book? It seems that through a roundabout process, the supposed inherent object-possession connection is shown to fail, and therefore it can be answered that yours-book in object does not inherently imply *your* book in possession. However, this is actually a differently located question. We have gone backwards if we remember. Yours-book doesn't imply *your* book, or vice versa, when questioning if the correct (reference) copy is even ours, if we even know it is correct in the first place. On the prior question (which occurs later in the track) of if yours-book in object, once proven, implies your book in possession, perhaps it does. Yet this then becomes entirely a question on if it can be proven, and in this process, its workings keep throwing us back to the first ever question of possession that arose.

This is how 'is your hand your hand' plays out as well.

6.

Does the book-book problem run down to fundamental questions such as:

Object ☞ How do we trust our senses to know objects?

Self ☞ How do we know we are/sense ourselves?

Possession ☞ How do we know/feel our possession?

Does it (in order to move on) just boil down to trust and belief?—Immersion

IN ORDER TO ANALYZE THE TRUTH OF THESE THINGS:

If immersion is necessary to trust that a material object exists and stays consistent (that there is a material reality), and such a process of trust is necessary for practical applications/the practical realm (for the sake of practicality and moving forward practically, you need to at least just trust that the objects are consistent, that they exist, etc.), then does the distinction between theoretical-realm/hypothetical-realm reality and material reality still exist—is it more of a spectrum, bound by the necessity of trust?

Or, if there still is a distinction (all use of believing material reality vs. total hypothetical), how does material reality sit within or from the outside (in opposition) to the hypothetical reality of things ☜ 'of things'—but if there is a distinction, what if the things don't exist!

Despite my strange sympathy and quality of idea-oriented theories/frameworks, I am led to think that the distinction still exists; if ideas about the object exist, then do the objects then need to exist (not that ideas come from objects, I am undecided nor do I care for now...)

7.

Coincidence: e.g. The "one" time you need to be on time, the train is delayed

really is: coincidence between your needs and the world's operation

Delusion: that the world knows your need and responds to it specifically

Only you know and can recognize both your need and the meaning of you in the world (your need in the train)---and in this recognition see the world as separate, as independently operating (a delusion; really, you are a part of the world and the action is also in part caused by other humans)

Independently operating *but* with 182 you in consideration, which opposes the view of the world/nature as a powerful force without consideration e.g. natural disasters.

To be agnostic and say 'I cannot judge whether or not God exists' is misled in a nearly selfish manner, for it is asserting that (1) to believe is to make a judgement claim on the outside world (2) one otherwise *would* be able to make such a judgment under different circumstances or on different topics; that one makes these sorts of judgements about other things in full, certain, and responsible truth. In reality, does anyone have the right to judge 'this book exists', or does everyone have that right? (also (3) asserts that others who judge, which really is to believe, are mistaken and too foolish to see their own "selfishness.")

The (non-delusional) view that all is just moving parts which simply exist, that any interaction is coincidence, lacks any meaning (as meaning is created by interactions) and becomes very plain or nihilistic; in the same sense that the non-religious is nihilistic (or can be, more so to the concept of a 'loss of religion in societies'); in the same sense as to why people can seek religion in order to give meaningful reasons.

But the fact of the matter is that you are late when you need to be on time, and even more so, that you are never late, and even more so, that you rarely ever need to be on time and will often be therefore unnecessarily early; and so it is tragically ironic to be delayed—important, as in irony one needs to be aware of the situation to see its intended or 'true' meaning.

> So is the nihilistic/delusional interpretation not in full truth then? Or is it true because it only looks at the most concrete and universally accepted facts? Or is that impossible to do?

8.

DURING A MOVIE: *LÉON MORIN, PRIEST*

Proofs of God are unnecessary, because if there were proof, then everyone would believe in him, and if everyone believed in him, then 'belief' becomes meaningless/unnecessary, etc.

So, say, if "God" was more of a nature-ish concept (a non-delusional flow of things ☜ what does this even mean?), then if everyone believed in it, was aware of it, or followed it, then what becomes unnecessary?

> The flow does? As in, it's been "revealed"?
>
> Or the flow does by way of becoming a conceived delusion?

As in, God as the way life and the world keeps going on outside of our certain conception, e.g. how do I know I will die and 'be remembered' by those who live on and 'be survived' etc. (I do not/cannot know). It is pointless to argue over whether or not it is a fact, because we cannot know for certain—although this isn't entirely significant, as I do not really know 100% that my hand is my hand etc., but it does differ in degree of scale (life, death, world timelines, length of time...) and that believing in it carries no practical ease, i.e. what integrated game is there to even play with it? (This is excluding things like 'I can plan for my family's future after my death' as that may not apply to everyone—tying

back to the reason for our lack of certainty, we really just have ourselves, mentally, perception-wise, experience-wise, etc.)

'It is impossible for the dot to encompass the circle'

'God has no existence; God is existence' 'I am what I am' —'That's like saying X=X'

A tautology (which means what?)

E.g. when people see time as inherently progressive in all degrees: e.g. that the world improves, societies get smarter, more advanced; although this dynamic is also seen in the flipside, where people see new generations as stupider/less-willing. There is time, and there are human-conceived delusions. 100 years ago, we may see the same sentiment that the newer generations are more obsessed with entertainment than work, or that one's generation is more modern and fast-paced than the prior. But the reason for this may be simple: (this is just one) that the younger are just that, they are less mature, more needing of stimuli, just adapted to the new fangled entertainment well, while the older slow down, thus the past seems slower-paced and the present seems to have killed that. With a rational reason, the delusion can be seen. As it is human made, it is created by the next and next humans. What really goes on is time. Do things really change fundamentally? This question goes beyond our conception; it is concerned where God is concerned.

> "WHAT GOOD ARE WORDS? GOD, FIRST AND FOREMOST, IS AN EXPERIMENTAL INDIVIDUAL REALITY, DIFFERENT FOR EACH OF US, AND INCOMMUNICABLE."
>
> "'AND INCOMMUNICABLE.' 'HOW AWFUL." "WHY? WHAT CAN IT MATTER TO YOU IF GOD EXISTS OR NOT?"

The individual experience speaks to our reality as an individual experience (our perception only, our certainty only, etc.). Can we reach God (the object) as individuals? No(?). Can we reach 'God' (the active concept, and by reach here I mean to engage in, follow in, play along with, etc.)? Yes. What is the difference between experiencing God individually and experiencing anything else? Is it because the entirety of God goes beyond our conception in every way (we don't even have much of a universal definition-like understanding of God, as it is an individual relationship, although the cause/effect order on this is muddy), as opposed to a physical object that, insofar as our human processes are real and work, we can see, feel, and experience in the presence and conception of others (verifiable, both individually and collectively/shared)?

God is incommunicable, it even goes beyond words, or there at least aren't many words set up to accommodate God (as in, there are other things, if not all—I am not saying that is my take—that are only really existent through words/language. But this purity is suspicious—or at least is so *when* we talk about God, because/as he is incommunicable!

There seems to be something about where language goes, and what/how language builds, and how this relates to what is inconceivable or less easy to be verifiable, etc.

9.

Our working definiton for now: 'GOD AS WAY LIFE GOES ON OUTSIDE OF OUR CONCEPTION' or LIFE OUTSIDE CONCEPTION (general)

The first mention of this concept (which I took so long to find!):

> '*"Individual self-expression has turned into another social convention" pg. 142 [unknown source]*
>
> [this/it] urges to study outside world rather than self, as external is alien to the self.
>
> If one cannot know (truly) the external world, then what are we doing here? [because then, how do we study it] A shouting match with oneself? Controlled like a puppet by external nature—this becomes a God.
>
> [This act of studying is still a productive act, we do something or change, and we do this by the hands of the alien external—this is the God-like control part]'

* * *

As in, the 'shouting contest with oneself' is because of the impossible interaction with the external. So one interacts and interacts, talks and talks, but it is to a wall. The act of interaction isn't void, though. So whatever happens at least necessarily affects the self—it could affect others, if we are to be agnostic about the external, but we *know* it affects the self (a bit cogito here, but I cannot avoid my sympathies).

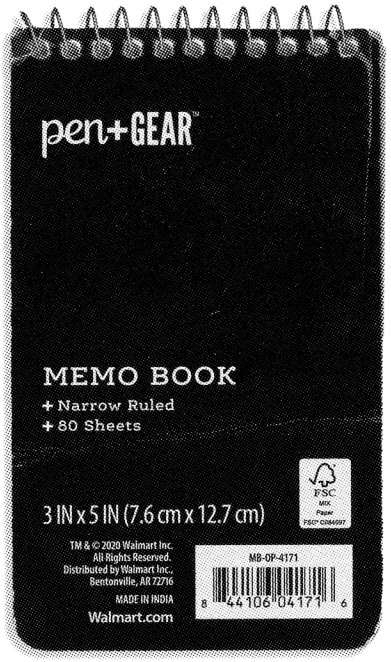
So to "interact" with God is to attempt to confront the life/reality we cannot conceive/perceive, without a result of real interaction (perception, etc.).

With such a state that is (what is confronted as well as what is needed to confront that), it is no wonder sorts of "conversions" of religious experiences can happen (does one adopt an e.g. Christian understanding within a Christian culture only because one already knows that way? In other words, I believe we can include here all sorts of vague "religious experiences")—although where does the line begin where a mental break ends?

NUMBERS

AN ATTEMPT TO RECORD ALL NUMBERS, INSOFAR AS ONE IS FOCUSED ON NUMBERS, IN ENTIRE CERTAINTY.

TEST OF MEMORY, TEST OF HONESTY; RECORD OF CERTAINTY, OF A NEED; WRITTEN IN MOTION. These are mostly freight train stock numbers.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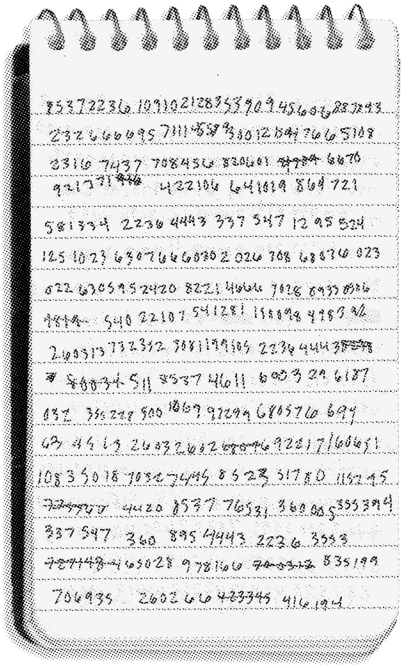

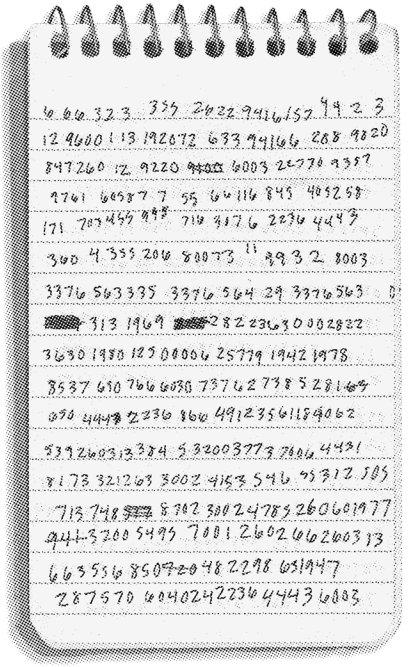

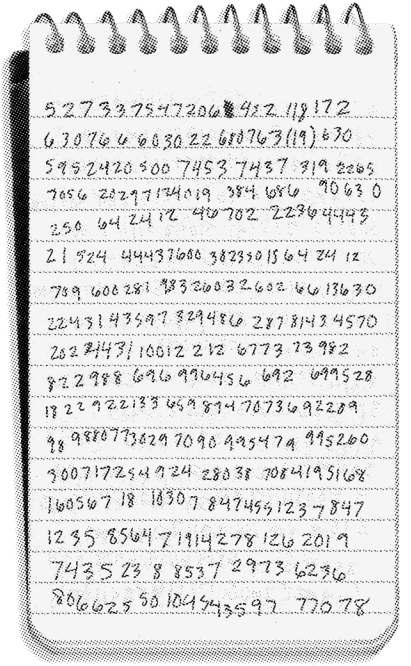

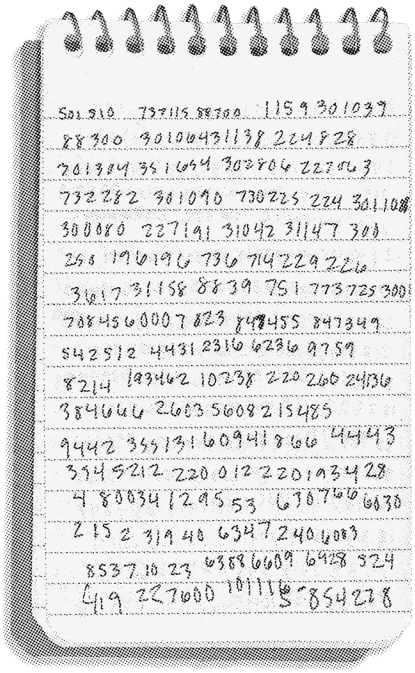
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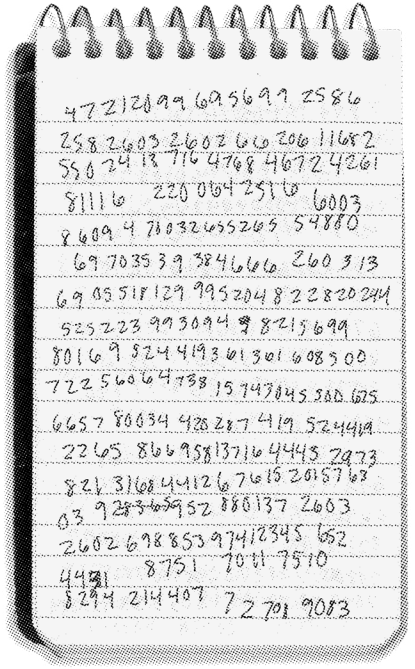
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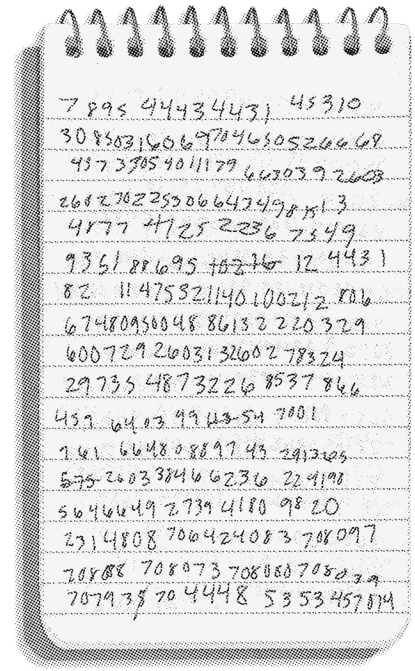
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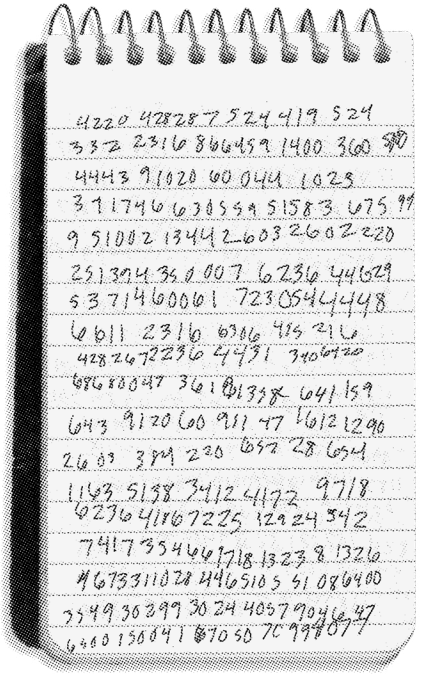
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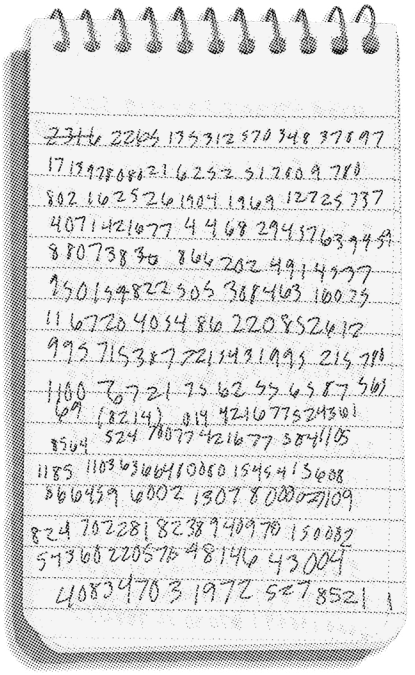
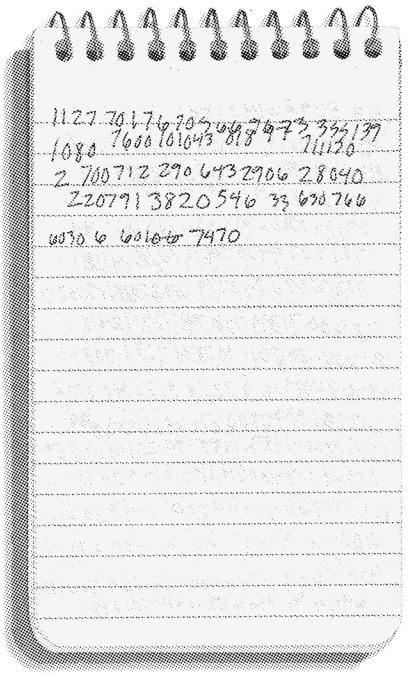
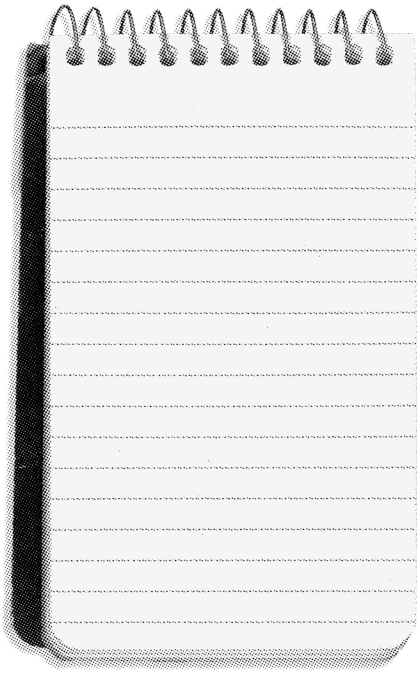






MY FRIEND'S OBITUARY

My friend has not returned home and so I now fear they have died.

I know this because they did not get back to me, which I know because I have not received any sign of life from them. No words, no news, no chattering, but then again, I'm not sure so much of that exists in the first place.

There was always chattering when he was around because he is the type of person to bring about chattering. That's how I knew he existed, that's how I knew he was really there, because others would talk and give news and chatter and try to pry me open for what some call 'gossip' about him as if some secret affair occurs behind each of our closed doors.

My friend is not such a person to have secret affairs, at least to my knowledge. But I am pretty certain I've been granted full permission to view and observe and therefore know everything about him, so this brief admission of uncertainty does not bother me.

What I am certain of is that he has died, I have decided. Passed on. Because he would have written a letter as soon as he got back to the house. He

often forgets to do things immediately, which is something he refuses to believe is a stand-out character trait of his. I very much think it is, but he cannot resist the delicious appeal of writing a letter before one can even drop their bags to the floor.

He lives up a hill over by nothing in particular that is exciting. I really don't understand it. I live by a church that doesn't operate a service anymore. I claim this is exciting, especially because the doors stay open so you can enter whenever you want, but my friend can only laugh when I talk about the church. Usually he agrees with me on just about most things, the same way I always agree with him, but when it comes to the church he always just laughs. Believers are strange, but at least believers without any care to do anything about their belief are tolerable.

Sometimes I enter the church when it is raining to pretend to escape from the rain. I actually like rain. What I like more is the sound the rain makes against the wooden church's roof and the smell that comes about. It's not a good smell, I don't know how to describe it. It's why not that many people go to the church to escape from the rain. But I go into the church to escape from the rain because it is a standard and normal thing to escape the rain by going into a church. There is a double-layered situation going on here that I really am satisfied by. My friend says that I'm overly obsessed with points of differences. But he is bitten by the same flaw, he just doesn't know it.

The issue is that I never see his points of differences, especially seeing them as truths. He claims that one exists because he lives up on a hill, he calls it interesting or amusing or possibly angering to others or frightful or absurd, but all I can see is a hill. I've never lived up on a hill before, not even near one, so maybe that is why I cannot understand it. When I moved into this city I purposefully picked the one area of flatland because I was worried I would not be able to handle the sudden influx of hills and I would grow dizzy and tired and fatigued by the time it was afternoon. Well, I'm really on the outskirts, there isn't much of a city here. It isn't a village situation though. My friend lives in a village situation now. We had lived in the same parts for a decent amount of time and then he moved out to a village he claimed to be similar to his childhood memories. He grew up in the city, but I know he

spent a lot of time going out to the countryside and always held onto these moments as something particularly special. I've always been on the outskirts. My friend thinks I don't push myself beyond what's already familiar to me and that's why I'm always down on my luck in life. He doesn't say this but I think I'm certain that he thinks this. It's the truth, that's why. My friend is smart and understands the truth like I do, so he must think it. The issue is the picture of it all. Even if it's based on a truth, he doesn't see the full picture, he gets stuck on one detailed part of the picture, what he finds to be the most important part, and then moves on without a care. He doesn't second-guess himself either, he never hesitates. It bugs me at times, because sometimes I can see him teetering into being incorrect about something, but he just moves on and speaks in his own language and assumes everyone else has moved on as well. That's how he reads books so fast. I read books much slower. Sometimes we argue about the speed at which we read books, and eventually he grows insecure and praises me for my close-reading. He falls to a more flustered tone that I rarely see him at and suddenly confesses that he wishes he had the will to be more careful and serious about things like readings because it has to do with honesty. This insecurity is genuine, but the presence of an insecurity isn't a bad thing for his character nor a good thing for mine because I have a poorly performing memory and I speak poorly too. I have insecurities over his positive points as well. It balances, one of us isn't smarter than the other. I must admit, though, how hard it is to be an honest person. I often grow extremely sore, sometimes the sorest I ever am, over the unfairness of honesty.

If I am allowed to explain myself on this: if I am honest as I read a book, I go through it slowly because if I go any faster I know I will skip over statements without fully understanding them. The speed varies depending on what I read. When I read a sentence and know that I did not fully understand it, I will go back and try again. I will keep trying no matter what. I will look up words I do not understand and I do not mind doing this because I have always been in love with dictionaries and encyclopedias since I was a small child. I flip through the pages of those huge books with a wonder and awe I experience nowhere else. And I flip through with a shy but severe carefulness, because what I do know is that not knowing words or phrases or concepts or

references is a bad thing. I was not very well educated, at least compared to the sort of people we unfortunately have spent our adult lives around. I say unfortunately but he doesn't, he doesn't really mind these people. He knows the same things they know. I used to think my honesty was a good thing because people tell me it is. My honesty doesn't feel like such a good thing when I ask too many questions and start to concern others over my possible deficit in intelligence.

He speaks well, he speaks like a city resident who has retired to the countryside. He teaches children at the village because his father taught children and everyone we used to know attempted to be a teacher at a certain point. He isn't an ordinary school teacher, he comes in to teach them things that exist outside of textbooks. Everyone at the school likes him except for the nuns, which is funny because he really is a religious person, but the nuns over there don't believe in that fact. They think he's scandalous. Well, we are a bit of a shocking pair and have far too much a knack for controversy, especially him. I am the coward. But he's good at teaching because he's good at speaking and dealing with small people things. That's why he's doing good in the village, because it's small over there and the only ones who matter are the little children. Last semester, a particularly boisterous little girl claimed that she would marry him. We aren't sure why, but she did not spread this claim as a secret among her peers but instead voiced it to any resident she passed by on the way to the schoolhouse. By the time she went home for lunch, a nun had already given my friend a mouthful. The whole situation is funny, but it makes me fearful, because it's so difficult to control small people things. Children are horribly frightful, and the fewer people there are, the smaller the world is, and the smaller a space the truth has to go bounce around in. My friend sees my point, he agrees with me, but he shrugs and smiles and laughs it off in a charismatic manner. I hate that charisma of his, but it is entertaining to watch. And I have to admit that I like clinging onto it. Like a lady clinging to an arm of a gentleman down a sugary stroll of a park, or something like that. I've seen it in paintings. I've seen strolls in real life too, of course, but the women are so over-the-top in their clothing and the men are an insufferable bunch. Only the wealthy have time for these strolls. I'm outside all of the time too, but I'm outside as if I'm on the run. My pockets have developed

holes from how much I shove my hands into them.

I often reference specific things and scenes as if they are symbols, like my pockets, because they are symbols, and my friend sees this fact but he doesn't like it all that much. He claims to not understand or see my point. I can see that he sees my point. His point, by way of his refusal to speak or claim anything in these moments, is that he takes issue with my melancholic symbolism. This I don't understand, because like I said, we are a shocking pair with a knack for controversy. Melancholy swirls itself up in controversy, see. I can see his melancholy too. My friend writes poetry sometimes. I don't like poetry, I never have. I understand poets though, and this is a dodgy subject because sometimes I fear my friend seriously wants to be a poet, and if my friend wants to be a poet—which means he is a poet, because poets are simply a bunch of wanters—then I'd have to admit the fact that either he isn't a true poet or I don't love him. But it's not so dire, the reason I wouldn't love him is because he isn't a true poet. I don't like poetry because I don't like to have my eyes swatted around line by line. I like to read a sentence and get a grotesque feel for the things being said, the speed they're being said in, the lines of strings that come about and get cut and lengthened and maintained and lost and eventually tied back to at the end. It's decadent. It's like the machine work those repair men do at factories, especially machines that have small bits, which are my favorite to observe. My friend considers me to be a writer. This is fair because all I really do is write, but I do nothing with the writings. Sometimes I try to meet other writers and show them my writing. They always enjoy it, they always praise me, they're always surprised I can actually put effort into writing when I choose to. They're surprised because they all met me when I was with my friend, clinging to his arm with machine bolts and bits on my mind, so they might have thought I was mad in a poor way. Now they talk of me like I'm a genius. The issue is that they do not care beyond this. This is because they are the sort of writers who would rather drink and smoke and have sexual relations with multiple women at once and write about these sexual relations. I don't have issues with these things on a moral level because I lack religious values and I don't understand the concept of morality. What I do understand is that I have values, they just might be fueled by a mental-realm logic, and so I take logical issue with their behavior

rather than an emotional-ethical issue. I could construct an argument on why I look down on their hobbies if I cared to, but I do not. I smoke too, I drink too, but I do so alone, I do so at home. I cannot handle being around them in public when they smoke, it gets so stuffy in the cafes that I become nauseated. They make fun of the fact that I always want to go outside. They don't understand that my talent for writing, when I take it seriously, comes from my desperate fleeing from the rambunctiousness of life. I need to go outside in order to survive. They don't understand because they are rambunctious.

My friend understands and agrees with me. I appreciate this, but at the same time I get a bit sore over it because he doesn't ever need to go outside. We have conversed with these writers before, that's all we used to do before, actually. Pick up some money from some scrap jobs, write, discuss, and kill ourselves over our seriousness, walking back and forth between each other's flats, and try to spend as little as possible of our own money at the cafes and pubs by showing off our talents of seriousness to the already drunk, already sexual writers and artists. They'd buy us drinks and give us smokes. At the same time, he did move out to the countryside where I doubt anyone is having writer-style smoking-hot, drunk, sexual relations. So I should just accept that a part of him cannot handle such a life either, even if I cannot see it. It's just difficult to do so.

I was worried I'd grow so sore I'd die over him leaving our city spot for the countryside, but this did not happen. I can't say I'm surprised at my ability to handle sudden relational change. What I'm surprised at is that I still converse with the drunk artists at the cafes to this day. They're all I have, but all others have are their coworkers and maybe a wife. No one I know is married. My friend thought he was going to marry a lady at some point, actually at multiple points. This surprised me because what he is the most cynical about, what he is the closest to reaching melancholy over, is the topic of marriage. In fairness, everyone is like this "nowadays", outside of those who marry. Everyone claims it's a staple of our era. I don't think much about this point because as my friend points out, I behave as if time doesn't affect me.

It was about one week into his move to the countryside that he wrote a letter to me about a lady. I receive these letters quickly because I'm on the

outskirts and the village is easy to access for the post workers. My part of the outskirts receives its mail first, that's our advantage.

He wrote a letter to me about a lady after knowing her for about three days. Things move so fast. I was still making my way through the fruit I had purchased for myself a decent amount of time ago which had grown overripe and wrinkled. I opened the letter with an apple in my hand and the rest of the apple in my mouth and was very surprised at the sudden change in tone. He spoke very highly of this lady, his tone seemed to float across the page. Just about right when he moved to the countryside, he got himself involved in some scene that had something to do with riling up some ladies that live there. He was buying fruit as well. The village is unassuming enough to where a new resident becomes a celebrity, is what he explained to me. Nothing came out of this incident until he saw a lady he hadn't seen prior; it is easy to oversee everyone living in the village. She looked more like a city dweller, and this is because she was. She was born in the village by mistake. Her father was from there, and her parents were visiting his mother (the grandmother) when her mother (the mother) suddenly went into labor right then and there, far earlier than expected. Despite this, she grew to be much taller than other women. My friend said she looked like a horserider. I don't know what horseriders look like. I know that he knows I don't know what horseriders look like. I munched on my apple a bit more and read through more of his stories and descriptions, none of them important enough to reshare. He has a habit of moving on too quickly and thus skipping descriptions, but he also has a habit of harping on the same points that do not require anymore words.

She had brown hair. Apparently there were a lot of blondes in the village. She was a smart person, which I believe, and I just know this is what my friend found so attractive about her. He sometimes talks of women as if they are incapable of being smart, but when he meets one, everything in his tightly built organization of values is flipped on its head.

There was a time, when we were younger, actually when we had just recently met, where he was infatuated with a girl in the same manner. I remember being shocked that he had a lady friend he was infatuated with. It just didn't seem to be something he'd allow his attention to gravitate towards.

It seems there is one thing about my friend that changed over the years, and it's his ability to keep secrets. That's why I was so shocked, because he showed no signs of having his attention snatched away from him. He admitted it at the pub which sparked a lot of hoots and hollers, but my friend and I heard none of these reactions as we looked at each other. The air parted a little, getting neither heavier nor lighter, I remember. He grew shy when he talked to the others at the pub about the lady, but I realized this was an act the second time our gazes met. Then one day, he got in a fight with some of our pub-goers, which was quite exciting for me because I got involved too at a certain point. Our pub-goers were very drunk so it was easy to defeat them, both in physical fighting as well as in the argumentative sphere. I cannot recall what it was even about. We left with our heads held high, drunken more on our egotistical spirits than anything else. Our high wiped out all past memory, clean slate; our pub-goers were too hungover to care about us, despite how often our paths met on the street. Then one night, late enough to have no one around, he stopped at the edge of the sidewalk and I could see his glistening face in the streetlamp's surveilling glow. He declared that he'd marry this lady of his, then said it again, a third time, and choked as he repeated himself. He was smiling wide, though, and I believed everything he was saying. I was so young. I got excited with him because I wasn't used to having a friend so I figured I wouldn't care if this one left to go be with some lady I barely knew anything about. But as we sobered up over the next few days, I realized the suspicion I held which had been growing from down underneath my shoes. I knew it was going to be a disaster. The plan, to the extent there was one, made no sense. I cannot recall the logic behind it because there was none. He was to travel out to this lady because she had been forced to leave the university and go back to her family's house after a dramatic argument over whether or not women should have careers, and whether or not one should go through schooling if they eventually do not adopt a career. They lived in a neighboring city, one of those larger towns that only exist because the wealthy city dwellers got sick of the real city dwellers and set up large, grand homes somewhere else, only to crowd this new area with their own kind and create a new breed of dweller. I decided to suck up my own mucus of suspicion and waved him off on an early morning train that released darker, denser

fumes than usual. I knew he was delusional, I knew I was delusional. The saddest moment was when I no longer enjoyed the delusion and when I realized we no longer viewed each other as strangers.

When he returned, from then on it became screw this and screw that and we sharpened our egos to such a homicidal point. I write this to make it sound violent and crazed, but it's actually a normal development for the kind we were around in university. We found new pub-goers, we did a lot of going. It was gross. I don't know how I handled all of this at the time. Looking back, I wonder if I filled up my tolerance for smoke-filled pubs and cafes too soon, and that's why I now have to stand in the tram with a handkerchief smothering my mouth, clamped tightly in my hand.

This time, his letters about the lady were fairly normal, and the lady sounded fairly normal as well. She detested the insufferable nature of the universities the same way we did, all while failing to lose her university nature. Her quintessential connection to the social spaces which derive from such audacious crevices could never hide from us, for we harbour them too. He even mentioned me to her several times and she eventually developed an understanding of who I was. She claimed she had a good image in her mind. I do not know if she really did, but a part of me is fearfully certain she was an excellent picture-maker. The majority of this skillset had to do with her knowledge of the city that penetrated past referential facts and seeped into all truth operations and symbols and metaphors and meanings. It's why I even grew to like her very much at a certain point.

The moment I grew fearful and suspicious the same way I did before was when the topic of marriage was first written in a letter. From my outside view, I assumed she did not think about marriage at all. This was a cynical value they bonded over in the first place. But to have my friend toy with such an idea in a sincere manner, my friend? It just about blew my sanity off the top of my head. At this time, I was living a particularly lonely and dire life as I struggled to maintain my odd jobs and the winter was particularly wet and slimy. I did nothing but write very poor things, which is the worst bomb one can drop on my psyche and ego, so by the time each letter came in, I was beaten deeper and deeper into the ground, barely surviving. I had all the

physical time in the world for his romantic, snowy infatuations, but none of the spiritual time. Thankfully, the long winter started to affect the village as well. Everyone grew a little bout of insanity that year. I responded with harsher words, shrouded in excuses of absurd humour. His letters copied my speed and became wildly entertaining. He picked up his hobbies of writing and thinking and theorizing and taking things seriously again. He started a project to categorize and describe each plant species that occurred on the route from his house to the school. I asked how this was possible in the snow. But my dear friend, that is the joke! I was holding a letter written by a genius.

His lady was not upset by his increase in madness as she was going insane as well. She worked many odd jobs around the village. She studied history in university and could be a history teacher, but the requirements of lessons in the village were so poor, and the headmaster was so totalitarian, that she decided to become a nomadic historian instead. Sometimes she helped situate the stores in town in their finances or merchandise, sometimes she assisted the local doctor, sometimes she cleaned the churches. She did all of this so long as she could preach her sermons of history and cut apart the bullshit the villagers so often stuttered from their mouths. My idealist friend and his Jean of Arc historian lady, what a story that was!

Unfortunately as all things go, normalcy ensues. Jean of Arc had to deal with her parents' worsening health, my friend grew too fond of the lessons he taught the children. The letters I received were less and less detailed. I knew that they had grown too normal when the next letter I received was a postcard letting me know that my friend was on his way to visit me for a weekend.

We met at the train station and headed to a peaceful cafe we used to frequent. I was peeved because it was a Sunday and this cafe, albeit a peaceful one, was busiest on Sundays. I hadn't been there in months due to my lack of money but did not tell this to my friend. If he wanted to lessen the amount of words revealed in the letters, I could keep secrets as well. He paid for my coffee. I didn't have the energy to conduct my plea bargain routine, I simply accepted it. I believe I joked about being a leech because I remember his response: But I'm the one who crawled back here, unless I'm mad enough to want to be sucked dry. I wanted to joke back that he was indeed mad enough,

but I couldn't open my mouth. I couldn't even laugh at his absurd phrasing. I was overwhelmed with a feeling akin to the awareness that a film was to end soon. Our usual routine was in shambles, and in the time I spent away from the cafe, I had developed an inability to tolerate any indoor place. We sat in a far corner at first, but quickly grew too hot from the stuffy heat that had kept circling the Sunday coffee-and-tea mass for hours. I suggested we move, which was an act we used to do before, always desperate to find the perfect seat. My friend hesitated, he was fine with the heat. The countryside is hotter without the coastal breeze. He shrugged, no other expression. I died right then and there. Then he stood up and we moved to sit closer to the door. I was more distraught at my embarrassment than the poor feng shui ensued by sitting near a doorway.

I cannot remember what we had talked about. My distress had killed off my motivation to be a friend, I was overwhelmed by a looming hopelessness that presents itself deep in one's bones. He wanted to visit my flat, I told him nothing about it would be different. He told me that's why he wanted to see it. I don't know why, but I was extremely hesitant about this. I wasn't sure if it was the cafe-nausea making me overwhelmed at the idea of hosting my friend in my flat, even though I have no opposition to the thing itself, or some fear of losing the last remaining memories of my friend prior to this slow, countryside, normalcy conversion I was witnessing. He pondered on an idea to visit a bookstore. I knew this wouldn't happen, he'd grow tired of walking the streets and refuse to enter on its doorstep, but I said nothing. Instead, he grew tired only a few blocks out and suggested sitting by the water. I only then realized how quiet I had been. We sat in silence, which is something we usually do not do. All my past irritability and criticism of my friend had vanished and drowned, I was only now overwhelmed by a concerned fear. He opened his mouth but didn't say anything for a minute, then he started talking while looking away from me. He talked of Joan the Arc. He talked of loving Joan the Arc. He didn't say the word marriage. The more he talked, the more I feared he would try to drown himself right then and there. I couldn't explain it, at the time and even now, I cannot explain the overwhelming finality in his tone. I tried to squeeze out the only response I could think of: I asked whether or not he'd marry her, but I said so in an impatient

manner, as if I wanted him to answer so I could call it a day. I didn't mean this. The worst part is that it is entirely in my annoying nature to have done such a thing. I expected him to argue back. I remember gripping the ledge we were sitting on, and I remember how childish I felt. Instead, he just grew more and more somber, more raw. I wasn't watching a performance, I was watching a whole death happen in front of my eyes.

He answered that he did not know, and that he did not know because he was ordinarily against marriage, which I knew, and he knew I knew, but he tried to explain that this moral stance was like a nail in his core. He couldn't deny it, the same way Joan of Arc couldn't deny her own, but they were so in love and so otherwise yearning to marry. Apparently, one day the old ladies at the one restaurant in the village had pried the couple too far. Neither remembers what was said or how it occurred, but at some point, the ladies assumed their reply meant that they had indeed engaged, and a whole bunch of hooting and hollering ensued. All denial of the assumption became evidence that it was actually true. The force of belief was too strong, they practically were engaged just because a bunch of old ladies kept chattering about it. And ever since then, they lived their days as if it was true, even talking about it and agreeing upon a proper engagement. At the same time, behind the words, behind the visible actions, behind their day-to-day lives, they both knew they did not want to marry at all.

We never made it back to my flat. I had nothing more to say, he understood his own predicament too well. We were both stumped by the power of old ladies.

And so the pair continued their life in the factual limbo the old ladies had created, but the dissonance grew too strong and started to seep beyond their two bodies. It wasn't like they changed, I believe they did everything in the same manner. The pair were always controversial, but Joan of Arc combatted with the villagers to the point of alienation from some, and my friend saw a similar fate among the schoolteachers. It wasn't explainable. We sent many letters back and forth, because we were trying to logically figure the whole mess out. Joan of Arc even wrote some words to me. I concluded that if the alienation grew to such a height that the ability to do one's job was

impacted, for instance, in being allowed less work, or a slow transition into unemployment being visible, then the best thing to do would be to request a vacation somewhere. They agreed. The villagers did too. Some even sobered up and wondered if everyone's uneasiness was a response to these soon-to-be newlyweds, as if a threat by way of their young, genuine love. The two immediately left after hearing this. They went to our 2nd largest city in hopes that its architectural beauty could solve the entire problem. I received many letters and postcards and photos regarding the architecture, a lot of churches.

And so the last one I received was sent from the train station. That's why I know that my friend has died. There is no other explanation. Nothing happened on the train, the one they must have taken made it safely back; actually every single train since then made it back just fine, even on time. They should have gotten back three days ago. Unless they got off at a different stop, they would have gotten back three days ago. I should have received the letter yesterday. Sometimes I can even get a letter the day after. I've already had the postman check for lost mail. He knows my friend. He told me that he probably didn't send any mail out yet. I didn't have the heart to explain to the postman why he was incorrect. I love the postman, he understands me, but I always feel bad around him.

I actually write a bit in the past tense here because it has been a day since that certain deadline of receiving a letter. Still no mail. I spent all morning coming to terms with the fact that my friend has died. I probably finished doing that around noon. Then I sat down to write this, but as you can imagine, my focus has seen better days. I'm not sure what to do afterwards. My friend has a family who would take care of all funeral arrangements. I don't like funeral services anyways. But I also would like to be known as my friend's friend.

What really affects me is not knowing what happened. I have tried to run through different possibilities, but not that many can really occur. My friend, and maybe Joan of Arc too, must have died before reaching the village, or died as soon as they did. It's possible they got off at a station before and conducted a double-suicide in some grassy field. I don't know Joan of Arc well enough to know if she'd write a letter to tell me that my friend had died, nor

how many days it'd take for her to do such a thing. I never wrote to her, she only wrote to me through the vessel of my friend's extra pieces of paper.

So I've been pacing back and forth for a while now, when I'm not writing this of course, thinking about the different deaths. It's annoying to have multiple logical possibilities up in the air with no possible way to confirm any of them, nor even dock one down a bit.

That's where I'm stuck at: I wish to be able to know. My only certainty is that my friend has died, and that certainty is only so meekly constructed by logical decisions, by there being no other possible ways. I hate this way of thinking. There is no clawing through ambiguities and well-constructed, delusional misunderstandings. There is no argument. There is just what happened, and the fact that what happened has happened. My friend has died and I do not know how.

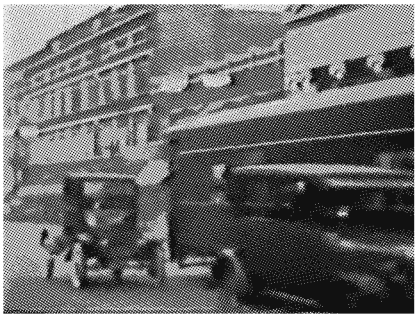
But even if someone were to tell me, even if the postman were to come running, would I believe it? That is what I had thought when I suddenly got up and left to go on a walk, to wander the streets like a ragged animal, biting my hand in rumination. I was completely and totally wild, I was carving out paths in my thinking by stomping here and there. Because why would I not believe it: because I need to see it with my own two eyes. I am not extending the question to the problem of empirical certainty. But if I harbor such a need, then what was I going off of this whole time? I mean in the letters. I mean the fact of the letters. I mean the fact that all I have been doing is reading letters, sitting down and staring at pieces of paper with things on them, scribbles and wild cave markings.

And suddenly I felt betrayal in this, I felt betrayal from my friend. I was strapped down in the theater seat without my knowledge, too blinded by sweet, insufferable memories. And who is to say that these memories aren't false, aren't manufactured? I am so tired because I've been flung around people, by my friend, flung around to believe this and that, spoonfed this and that sensation and experience; spoon in mouth, arms tied behind a chair. That's why I have no energy. I haven't been sleeping, I've been tied up. No rest for the delusional.

And that would explain it, that would explain the whole thing. If every-

thing was manufactured, if there were no genuine experiences, no genuine feelings, if everything was harshly dead from my friend's side, only real to my delusional self, then that is why I have no letters. At some point someone grew tired as well, or maybe I wasn't fun to toy with anymore. It could be my fault. It's probably my fault. No more letters, the film has ended. Hence the finality in his tone. Hence my exhaustion. Hence his performance. Hence the screen that I was starting to see between us, between me and everyone and everything.

My friend isn't dead. He got off of his train and continued on in his life. He went to work, he made a schoolchild laugh, he ate at a restaurant, he helped out a farmer, he charmed an old lady, he married Joan of Arc. Or maybe he didn't. Maybe nothing happened. From my side, nothing happened or ever will happen. He stopped sending letters. All that is real is all I see. His life stopped, he died. That's why my friend isn't dead. The postman was correct. That's why I always felt so embarrassed around this whole thing, this whole performance of letters. Poor postman, the double-agent. My eyes have opened up, it's final.



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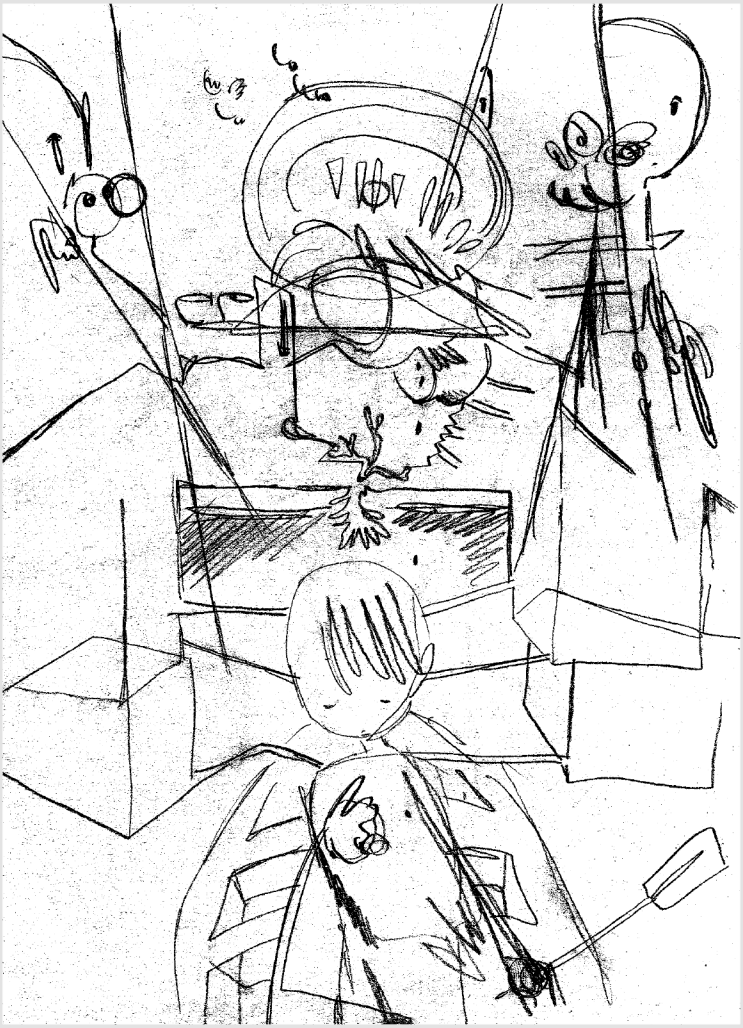

This book ruined my life:

LOOK AT THE PAINTINGS

LOOK AT THE PAINTINGS

LOOK UPWARDS, AT THE PAINTINGS

I am reading this elsewhere. I am reading this in a room. I am reading this on the train. I am reading this on the sidewalk. I am reading this in a cafe. I am reading this in my bed. I am reading this in my kitchen. I am reading this and I am looking at the paintings. I am looking at the paintings.